THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 113, NO. 23 NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1945 NUMBER 1618

What Is Happening in Iran

THE FULL TRUTH about the revolutionary uprising in Azerbaijan Province in northwestern Iran is not known. The Iranian government charges that the revolt is not only sanctioned but has been engineered by the Russian occupation forces. The Russians are alleged to have supplied the Democratic Party of Azerbaijan—the local branch, under a new name, of the pro-Soviet *Tudeh,* or Communist Party—with arms confiscated from the Iranian government in 1941. Whatever the truth of these charges, it is clear that the Russians have made no effort to stop the uprising. They have, on the contrary, halted the advance of government troops dispatched from Teheran to quell the revolt.

The charges made by the Iranian government have been denied by the Soviet government newspaper *Izvestia.* The Democratic Party, *Izvestia* declared, does not want to separate Azerbaijan Province from Iran, but only seeks greater autonomy within the framework of the Iranian state. It accused the British of inspiring the charges for the purpose of diverting attention from Britain's own difficulties in Palestine and Indonesia.

In spite of this denial, but judged against the background of Russo-British rivalry in Iran, it is quite likely that the Iranian government's charges are true. It is equally true, however, that the current situation is not simply a matter of moral right or wrong, but can be understood only in the cold terms of power politics. If the Russians are presently the aggressive party, existing conditions are the inevitable outcome of Russia's and Britain's competitive struggle for influence in a country in which their policy is dictated by strategic and economic interests. Both powers have sought from time to time to normalize this struggle by dividing Iran into separate spheres of influence. This policy has been successful only in so far as it prevented actual hostilities. But under the surface of treaty agreements the struggle for total influence went on. It is going on today.

Prior to the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1907 which divided Iran into three zones—the northern under Russian, and the southern under British influence, with a neutral buffer zone between these two—Iran's foreign trade and foreign policy had been almost entirely subject to Russian control. During World War I, despite a proclamation of neutrality, Iran became a battlefield. A British flotilla in the Caspian Sea drove the Turks out of Baku and, after the Russian revolution, defeated a Bolshevik naval force. In 1919 the British sought to force the government of Iran to accept British protection over the entire country, but before this arrangement could be realized the Bolsheviks had mustered sufficient strength to conclude a treaty of alliance with Iran in February, 1921. Throughout the inter-war period Iran's precarious independence was largely the result of the unresolved struggle for influence between the Soviet Union and Great Britain.

In the course of World War II, when Axis influence spread to the Middle East, both Russia and Britain

CONTENTS

Editorials
- What Is Happening in Iran 731
- How We Fumble in Japan 733
- A Strike for the Facts 734
- The Land of the Sick 735

General Articles
- The New Communism . . . . . From the London *Tribune* 736
- Nationalization in Britain . . Bruce Bliven 738
- Reading Luce in China . Richard Watts Jr. 740
- The Sound Prolong . . . . . E. Leigh 743
- Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 746
- Dream Manors . . . . . Manny Farber 747
- The Bandwagon 747

Correspondence 748

Winter Book Number
- For the Postwar Writers . Malcolm Cowley 751
- Watershed . . . . . Conrad Aiken 752
- The World of William March . Alistair Cooke 754
- Mrs. Woolf's Novels . . Theodore Spencer 758
- The History of Mr. Russell . . Paul Weiss 760
- Notable Books: 1945 764
- Not Quite the Real Thing . . . . . F. O. Matthiessen 766
- Unfinished Business . . . Thomas Sancton 770
- Avant-Garde Comedy . . Isaac Rosenfeld 772

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1945, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decided to occupy Iran on August 25, 1941. Britain was interested in protecting India's back door against invasion from the north. Both powers were interested in safeguarding the vital supply corridor for war equipment which Iran offered. Russian troops once again occupied northern Iran, while the British occupied the oil areas of the south and southwest. The joint occupation was legalized in the treaty of January 29, 1942, which a new Iranian government concluded with the occupying powers. The treaty guaranteed Iran's territorial integrity, sovereignty and political independence in exchange for the use of all internal communications. Iran's independence was reaffirmed by the Teheran Three-Power Declaration of December, 1943, to which the United States was a party. Under existing agreements, Allied occupation forces are to be withdrawn from Iran by March, 1946.

Iran, however, is not only located at one of the international crossroads between East and West, but is also one of the world's great oil-producing countries. Current production of the Iranian oil fields is about 325,000 barrels a day as compared with Iraq's 90,000 and Saudi Arabia's 35,000 barrels.

Most of the Iranian oil reserves are located in the British-occupied western and southwestern provinces. Here the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company has been operating since 1909. Although the Iranian oil fields have been developed and exploited by foreign companies, the government of Iran has retained the right to grant the concessions for such development. During 1944, American, British and Russian oil companies sought new concessions. Russia, for instance, demanded a blanket concession in northern Iran. When the Iranian government resisted this demand, difficulties between it and Moscow, in the fall of 1944, culminated in the resignation of Premier Said. But Anglo-American diplomatic support stiffened the government of Iran sufficiently to resist Russian pressure. It maintained its position that concessions granted while the country was occupied would be obtained under duress and postponed all decisions on the granting of oil concessions until after the war.

It is not too far-fetched to assume, therefore, that the present uprising in Azerbaijan Province is Russian-sponsored. Its objective would be to find a ground not only for continued Russian occupation of northern Iran beyond March 2, 1946, the date set for the withdrawal of all foreign troops, but also to create political difficulties for the present government of Iran, which is assumed to be friendly to the Western powers. The political instrument used by the Soviet government is the *Tudeh*, one of the most important of Iran's nine major parties. It was this party which a year ago had demonstrated in favor of Russia's oil demands. It is also believed to have staged the current revolt in Azerbaijan. While it may be true, therefore, that Russia is not interested in detaching the province from Iran, she is apparently interested in bringing to power a government which she considers friendly to herself and which may be counted upon to grant her the oil concessions she wants. Great Britain is similarly interested in a friendly Iranian government for the dual purpose of ensuring the concession of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and of protecting India's northwestern frontier.

How can the latent conflict between the Soviet Union and Great Britain be prevented from breaking out in open hostility? Obviously, the withdrawal of the forces of occupation will not be enough. Once more, as in so many other international danger areas, the part played by the United States may be decisive. Although this country has supplied the Iranian government throughout the war with advisers who enjoyed considerable power, and although the Persian Gulf Command has done a magnificent job of improving road and rail facilities, the United States has so far refused to assume any postwar responsibilities. Iran's financial, economic, agricultural and social problems—too complex a subject for analysis here—cannot be solved without outside assistance. Whatever power promises to tackle these problems in the postwar period will undoubtedly wield most influence. As neither Britain's nor this country's private oil companies are likely to show particular interest in Iran's many internal difficulties, the Soviet Union may well emerge as the most influential foreign force, especially if it has the support of a mass party like the *Tudeh*. In that case the British and American oil companies will sooner or later call for the support of their governments if their concessions should be threatened. Political and diplomatic difficulties among the three great powers will inevitably be the result.

The time to prevent such an outcome is now. Instead of dividing the country into spheres of influence as before the last war, or leaving it in the precarious equilibrium of the inter-war period, the three powers should decide on the establishment of some sort of regional agency, made up of international personnel, which would be attached to the Iranian government in an advisory capacity. Its function would be not only to assist the government of Iran in reforming the country's administration, developing its resources and solving its numerous internal economic and social problems, but also in supervising an equitable distribution of its oil concessions. If it were possible to make such foreign aid—which is admittedly necessary—available through joint international action, it is likely that the majority of the Iranian people will not object. They will look on foreign participation in their country's internal affairs not as a form of exploitation, but of international assistance. Finally, it would represent a practical and permanent solution of international rivalry which, unless checked through genuine international coöperation, can only have disastrous consequences for world peace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How We Fumble in Japan

One of the official functions of Emperor Hirohito is that of custodian of the Sacred Mirror. The symbolism has a peculiar pertinence. This stock prop of Tennoism has become the dark glass in which we see reflected certain fearful weaknesses of American policy for Japan.

Three months after military victory, our policy is completely bogged down in the muddy ruts of confusion and paper-shuffling detail. Washington professes to know nothing of what is going on "at the middle and lower levels" in Japan itself, beyond the fact that General MacArthur is spoon-feeding anti-authoritarian directives to the existing government. Allied headquarters in Tokyo professes to know nothing of what is going on in Washington. MacArthur's first knowledge that his requests for an economic mission were being considered came from a Washington-dateline story in the Nippon *Times*. There seems to be a checkmate between the Pacific Commander-in-Chief, who would like to "bring the boys back home" and get out on the crest of the wave, and "Swink," the State-War-Navy Coördinating Committee, which suffers from a paralytic inability to work out a civilian substitute for MacArthur-Mikado rule.

In terms of what public policy ought to be, Japan represents several distinct, though interrelated, problems. One involves the continuity from war to peace. Our objectives have been broadly stated. We want to end the Japanese "military menace." We want to "bring about the eventual establishment of a peaceful and responsible government," and those conditions which will make Japan acceptable in the "family of nations." Japan is apparently being efficiently demobilized. But political, social and economic reform move forward under the aegis of the same old gang of "moderate" expansionists, men like Shidehara, who have donned a false-face democracy for the occasion.

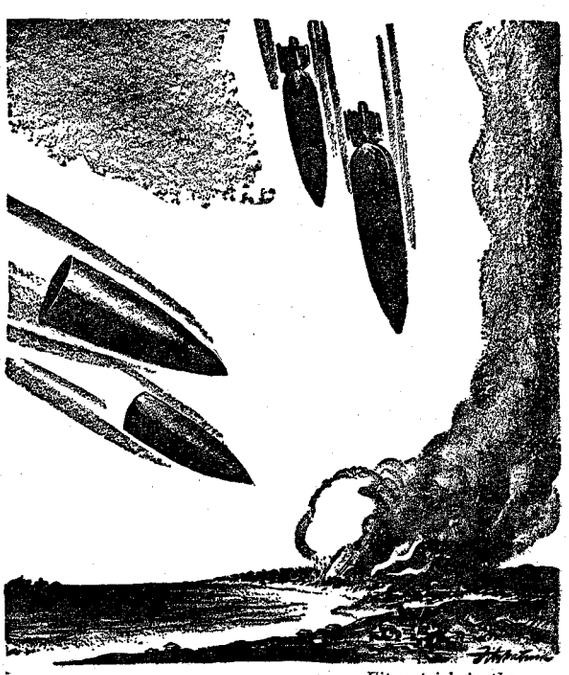
Another problem involves Japan in relation to the entire Asiatic pattern. The islands cannot be lifted from their setting and considered as collector's items apart from the questions of unity in China, the fulfilment of our promises to Korea, land reform and other changes in the Philippines, exclusive Pacific bases, the future of dependent peoples, the role of the articulate dominions, Indian independence, the suspicions of Russia. We fumble on Japan, failing to prospect for the wellsprings of Nipponese democracy, because no positive Pacific program has been laid down.

The third problem involves our commitments to collective security. American support of the spirit of UNO cannot long square with American hegemony in the Pacific. Our announced post-surrender policy planned on a "control of Japan that will satisfy the principal Allied powers." Yet the Far Eastern Commission now meeting in Washington is so much window-dressing, the promise of token-force occupation equally so. We have made it ruthlessly clear that American views on Japan will prevail if they conflict with those of the Allied powers. So the Washington sideshow goes on with Russia absent, China distrustful behind a mask of politeness, Australia and New Zealand frankly yeasty, and the British muttering with some justice about United States duplication in the Pacific of the Soviet practices in Eastern Europe. The commission flounders in a vacuum while the barometer of American prestige sinks lower and lower.

The broad directive to General MacArthur, made public only after open evidence of a waspish conflict between the Pacific commander and the State Department, is a brave enough beginning. But how is it being applied?

General MacArthur's failure to use fairly well trained Military Government units, and his decision to rely almost entirely on existing Japanese government, was obviously based on an interest in ending the military phase of occupation as soon as possible before his popularity waned. However, if "Swink," State and the Combined Chiefs of Staff wanted things done differently, the error was theirs for giving MacArthur supreme on-the-spot authority, lest home-grown politics get confused with the job to be done in Japan.

MacArthur has followed directives literally. Those affecting education, demobilization, war criminals, the Kempai-tai (thought-control police), voting age, women's suffrage, the freeing of political prisoners, bank seizures, aviation, the freezing of the combines, have been passed on to the marionette government and followed up with systematic pressure. Others, aimed at state Shintoism, land reform and similar supports to the superstructure of imperialism, are forthcoming.



Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The Four Freedoms in Java

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet the procedure has in no way reassured democratic elements in Japan, or those in this country who base on history their conviction that popular government is possible there, that we intend to support change as well as stimulate it.

MacArthur has accomplished what is probably the best that could be done with the men and tools he chose to use. Four days after the fanfared investment of Tokyo, the General and his Chief of Staff, Brigadier General Richard Sutherland, began wiring Washington for help. But because of failure of the high policy makers to send on missions and advisers, men of a military mind and mold essentially incompatible with the problems of civil administration have authority they frequently confuse and sometimes abuse. General MacArthur was never surrounded by progressives, by imaginative men who could encourage change.

Brigadier General Bonner F. Fellers is principal advocate of the "let-the-Japs-do-the-work" theory. As military secretary and liaison officer with Japanese diplomats, he is quite incapable of screening out such a gaffe as the temporary collaboration with Prince Konoye. Brigadier General Ken R. Dyke, and not the well trained men of the OWI and Colonel Buttles' propaganda section, is chief of civil information and education. Buttles has now joined him, but in the meantime the Japanese press and radio are under the same control as before after a minimum of witch-doctoring.

Yet another votary at the altar of "order" was Brigadier General Diller, whose mailed-fisted efforts to "regulate" the Allied press were finally frustrated. Colonel Raymond C. Kramer may soon be removed as well. Kramer heads the economic and scientific section. He reads into the Potsdam communiqué on Japan, instructions to get the country back into production as soon as possible, whether the economic combines are thoroughly broken up or not. He is perfectly agreeable to self-dissolution of the Zaibatsu. It's easier that way. The possibility that the Oriental counterparts of the German cartel industrialists might be reluctant to destroy their own empires does not occur to him.

There is no agreement in Washington on how long military occupation shall continue; no far-sighted planning to replace the inadequate and untutored MacArthur substitute for military government with intelligent civil administration backed by police forces only; no organization of skilled economic, social and political missions to study the progress of occupation and plan long-range policy.

Will Clayton has only two men in the Japan-Korea economic office. There is little liaison between that desk and the Japan political desk, supervised by John Carter Vincent, who also sits on "Swink." Reparations policy, although obviously geared to the economic program for Japan, is exclusively a White House matter in charge of Mr. Pauley. Major General John H. Hilldring, civil-affairs chief at the War Department, is making an honest effort to recruit civilian personnel. Yet what experts are found will probably—as in the case of Germany—be men with business and financial connections in Japan who find it extremely difficult to divorce personal from public interest.

The key to long-range Japanese control is imports and exports. Japanese colonies were neither sources of revenue, important population outlets nor essential to trade, but useful only for their war resources. Stripped of them, Japan is no military factor, and can be held in check far more easily than Germany because she must import—and pay by export—to live.

Since we have accepted the practice of using the existing government, if not actually supporting it, then future policy should be based on what we have to work with. We have experts on Japan, political and economic experts without big-business connections who should be called in to establish their own commission, send study groups abroad and make policy here. We have allies who should be invited to establish similar commissions to work with ours. They might conceivably decide to turn over the policing of Japan to the Security Council, while forcing political reform and gradual democratization on a quid-pro-quo basis as a condition for commercial agreements: constitutional reform in exchange for cotton to feed the textile mills; reduction of feudal land rents and taxes in exchange for fishing rights, etc.

The fact must be faced: the United States is still George Bungle when it comes to translating principles into practice. The reproachful chickens of Spain, Vichy, Darlanism and the Badoglio deal are flocking to roost in Tokyo, and American policy is finally identified with "Sacred Cow Number One," the dangerous, anti-democratic Emperor institution. With the noblest intentions in the world, we are headed, in Japan, for a most miserable showing as a world power.

A Strike for the Facts

THE OUTCOME of the United Auto Workers' strike against General Motors will depend partly on the relative endurance of the two parties, and partly on the judgments of "the public" concerning the merits of the case and the behavior of the contestants. It is the obligation of everyone to form his opinion on the basis of the facts.

Through the elimination of overtime at the end of the war, the earnings of the employees were cut 30 percent. They therefore requested an increase of 30 percent in hourly pay, contending not only that they needed it, but that if the purchasing power of workers were reduced, industry could not be busy, and unemployment would result. General Motors rejected the demand. The union argued that profits were already large enough to permit the increase without raising prices, submitting figures in support of its contention. It asked the company to submit its own figures of costs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and profits, promising that if it revealed that the wage increase could not be granted without charging higher prices for cars, the 30-percent demand would be appropriately modified. The company refused to supply the evidence, saying that such figures were none of the union's business and were not available even to stockholders.

The union asked at the outset that the conferences be open to newspapermen, but the company refused. Federal conciliators were unsuccessful in bringing about an agreement. The company during the conferences introduced material, to which publicity was given, hostile to the existence of industrial or occupational unions.

After months of futile negotiations, the company offered a 10-percent increase, conditional upon a longer working week (for which new federal legislation would be required). The increase in wages was based upon its estimate of what the workers would need to have the same purchasing power as before the war; the increase in hours was based on its unsubstantiated contention that higher wages would be impossible without more productivity. The union rejected the proposal on the ground that it was not really a wage increase at all and, because of the advance in productivity which had already occurred, would probably result in unemployment.

Finally, the union submitted a proposal that all issues be arbitrated by a three-man board, one member to represent labor, one to represent management, and the third to be a neutral. This board was to have access to the relevant figures on both sides, and was to be bound in advance not to increase wages at the expense of higher prices to the consumer. A time limit was set for a reply. The management failed to reply within the time set, and the strike was called. Three days later the management rejected the proposal, on the ground that the conditions attached were an invasion of the prerogatives of management, and that the offer was made in bad faith because the union knew the management could not accept it without abdicating its responsibility.

If anyone not affiliated with either side is asked to pass judgment on these issues, we do not see how he can avoid the conclusion that the company is responsible for the stoppage by refusal to arbitrate, and that its refusal to arbitrate is based on the untenable proposition that the most relevant evidence must be concealed. How can anyone judge the case unless he knows the facts? If it is for some reason improper to make them public, might they not at least be submitted to an impartial arbitrator? The management believes that it must be the sole judge in its own case, and that it has a right to set what wages and prices it pleases, without regard to the public interest. We are unaware of any evidence that the General Motors executives are worthy of enough confidence to be entrusted with this dictatorial power over a key section of American industry.

The Land of the Sick

THE NATIONAL HEALTH PROGRAM advocated by President Truman's recent message to Congress is essentially similar to that embodied in bills introduced to Congress months ago, on which extensive comment has been printed in the *New Republic*. The essential facts are that there is room for a great improvement in the nation's health, that adequate medical care is unavailable to millions, that to provide it we need more hospitals, better coördinated health services, and a means by which individuals who need medical care can pay the bills.

What impresses us most about the matter is not that a program of this general nature should be presented, but that support for it should not be taken as a matter of course. Britain adopted compulsory health insurance in 1912; every other important industrial nation in the world has it. While the moderate plan now proposed in this country is attacked as "socialized medicine," Britain is preparing to install really socialized medicine by making medical care of every kind available to all members of the population entirely free of cost.

The United States now occupies the tail of the world procession in using its government as an agency by which the essential needs of the citizens may be guaranteed. Many of its people and legislators still believe, apparently, that government should be nothing but a policeman. Private enterprise has its virtues, but is there any good reason why the provision of medical care should not be an object of public concern? In hundreds of ways Americans have shown that they believe it is. Doctrinaire slogans which attack governmental intervention by calling it names should not prevent us from getting on with the job. About details and means sincere persons may legitimately differ, but surely we need not be deterred by the misrepresentations of the American Medical Association and the expensive propaganda of the medicine manufacturers.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, GEORGE SOULE, MICHAEL STRAIGHT, STARK YOUNG

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: HEINZ EULAU, HELEN FULLER, ELIZABETH HULING, RALPH G. MARTIN, GEORGE MAYBERRY

Contributing Editors: H. N. BRAILSFORD, MALCOLM COWLEY, JULIAN HUXLEY, ALFRED KAZIN, MAX LERNER, E. C. LINDEMAN, THOMAS SANCTON, REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Advertising Manager: E. G. WOOD

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Communism

THE COMMUNISTS today are a governmental force in most European countries—excepting only Britain, Holland, Greece and the formerly neutral states of Sweden and Switzerland, as well as the fascist dictatorships of Spain and Portugal. They are participating not only in the East European governments, which they dominate, but have eagerly taken their minority share in the democratic governments of France, Italy, Belgium, Denmark, Norway and Iceland. Even where they are still kept out, they are fighting to "get in"—evidently holding that political influence in a democratic country nowadays requires a share in the running of the state machine.

This picture provides a bewildering contrast with the Communist prewar tradition. Before 1941, Communists outside Russia had taken part in government only in soviet republics, such as Bavaria and Hungary in 1919 and Red China in recent years, or in civil-war coalitions, such as in Spain, and in China during the advance from Canton, until the break with Chiang Kai-shek. The abrupt change in their attitude following Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union was regarded by many as a temporary wartime expedient. Today it is clear that the new policy has come to stay, and that it involves a profound change in Communist doctrine.

It is not the only innovation. Anybody who takes the trouble to follow the actions and the propaganda of, say, the French, Italian or British Communist Parties —to name only those most successful in operating under democratic conditions outside the Soviet sphere —will find that tactical changes are no less frequent than in earlier times; but as a rule they no longer take the form of violent "about-turns," with changes of leadership, factional feuds and expulsions. They take the form rather of smooth and often carefully concealed adjustments. There are still striking cases of "recantations," as with Harry Pollitt at the outbreak of war, after the Moscow pact between Russia and Nazi Germany, or more recently with the American Communist Party; but these are now exceptions.

The rule today is elasticity. The Italian Communists, under the extremely able leadership of Palmiro Togliatti, first attacked Badoglio, then joined the second Badoglio government, then helped to overthrow it under Socialist pressure after the liberation of Rome, then concluded a pact of unity with the Socialists, then continued in the Bonomi government after the Socialists had left it. But they maintained the unity pact with the Socialists, joined in the public criticism of Bonomi, and finally helped to overthrow him and to set up Parri's all-party government.

The French Communists, with Maurice Thorez and André Marty home from Moscow, have been similarly inventive in combining membership in the government with violent opposition to it and in combining a unity pact with the Socialists with a campaign of abuse against them, though somewhat cruder in its execution. If they have failed to win the French Socialist leaders for the preparation of a fusion, as in Italy, they have been all the more successful in gaining controlling influence in the trade unions and, as the elections show, have achieved that ancient Communist goal—the support of the majority of the industrial working class.

THERE CAN BE no doubt that these successes are not only the reflection of Russian prestige and Communist heroism in the underground struggle against the Nazis, but, to a considerable extent, the fruit of the new strategy and tactics of the parties themselves. . . . [Their influence in the trade unions would be less great today if they] had gone on solemnly announcing a "turn of the line" at every change of tactics and reproaching their leaders every time with "Opportunism" or "Leftism." Stability of a national party leadership, its gradual growth in political experience and prestige, was incompatible with the earlier Communist practice.

This greater adaptability is not due to any relaxation of the strict centralism characteristic of the Communist Parties. The rule of the Central Committee and of its inner circle, the Politbureau, over the party's executive organs in parliament, municipalities, trade unions and other "mass organizations," remains as strict as ever. Resolutions proposed by the leaders are no longer adopted after a struggle between opposing factions: they are adopted unanimously. Nor has the dissolution of the Communist International diminished the close international coördination of Communist policies; the new strategy is itself international, and in the many national conflicts now raging in Europe the Communist Parties advocate solutions closely attuned with each other and with Russian policy, although each of them is supported by specific patriotic arguments. The point is that the central control itself is exercised in a more practical and less dogmatic spirit, and that the members have exchanged their earlier preference for dogmatic disputes for an attitude of confidence in the leaders which is ultimately derived from their confidence in Soviet power.

The key to the new role of the Communist Parties must therefore be sought in a revision of the funda-

---

"The New Communism" is reprinted with permission and a few minor technical cuts, from the London Tribune, *the weekly organ of the Socialist left wing of the Labor Party. Since Aneurin Bevan became Minister of Health,* Tribune *is being edited by Michael Foot and Jennie Lee.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mental Communist doctrines themselves, and a corresponding change in long-term Communist strategy. These changes have never been made explicit; but it is not difficult to decipher them from the recent evolution in public Communist theory and practice.

THE BEGINNINGS of the change go back to the days of the Popular Front in Western Europe: then, for the first time, a Communist policy was devised, not for the purpose of obtaining power by the overthrow of the bourgeois state, but for the purpose of obtaining influence within that state. But how hesitant does this policy, with the Communist refusal to join the French Popular Front government, appear compared with present practice, and how severe was the relapse into dogmatic isolation after Munich and during the early period of the war! Then the Communists were merely groping for a distinction between what was essential for maintaining the common faith of their movement, and what was out-of-date dogmatic ballast. Today they have found it. That is the real meaning of the "increased political maturity" which was given as the basis for the dissolution of the Comintern in 1943.

The essential faith has been reduced to four main points. The first is that capitalism is doomed to lead to fascism and war; the second, that socialism consists in the complete nationalization of the means of production; the third, that this cannot be carried out or developed without the dictatorial power of a single Communist Party; and the fourth, that the future of socialism, and of the world, is bound up with the power of the Soviet Union.

The first two points are, of course, held by the Communists in common with many Socialists; it was for offending against the first that Earl Browder, of the American CP, was rebuked in magisterial fashion by Jacques Duclos. The thing to be noted here is the strict Communist interpretation of point two: Nationalization alone is decisive for socialism, and it must be *complete* nationalization. A regime which merely nationalizes some key industries may be "progressive" and worthy of Communist support; but, in approved Communist terminology, it is still capitalist.

The third point—single-party rule as a condition for socialism—has remained as important as ever. This is clear not only from Communist practice in Eastern Europe, with its gradual penetration of the coalition partners and its refusal to permit democratic parties to develop outside the Communist-inspired "Fronts"; it is also a necessary corollary to point four—the unique and exclusive socialist character of the USSR. Point four is, of course, the most important one. Decisions to sacrifice specific labor or national interests to the cause of the Soviet Union no longer cause disputes in Communist ranks; they no longer require complicated and far-fetched arguments. A Communist today will frankly admit to himself that this or that sacrifice to Soviet needs, and the resulting difficulty for his party, matters little if only it helps to strengthen Soviet power—in which lies the ultimate hope of salvation. This agreement between the inner motive and the official argument is the enormous simplification of Communist politics which Soviet victory made possible.

Consider now the part of the original "Leninist" dogma which has been abandoned. It is no longer laid down that power can only be achieved by a mass rising against the existing "bourgeois-democratic" state, nor that organs of the Soviet type are the necessary vehicles of the revolution and the necessary institutions of a "proletarian dictatorship." A revolution against a fascist state may, of course, produce "Soviets"; it may produce "Liberation Committees" with similar local functions, but based on delegations from different parties and "mass organizations"; these organs may be able to become the basis of the new state power, or they may fail to do so and give place to parliamentary institutions. The Communist has still his preferences—but he is no longer dogmatic about this point.

Above all, once parliamentary democracy has been established, he is willing to work in this framework. He no longer considers the "bourgeois state machine" a necessary instrument of capitalist oppression with which he must at all cost avoid being identified; he sees in it a lever of influence which he is anxious to use. He believes that in favorable conditions such partial influence can be extended into total state power.

SO LONG as these conditions do not obtain, it is the Communists' main task to use their influence in the Russian interest. For that purpose they will appeal to national or sectional interests, using patriotic working-class or peasant arguments as opportunity provides. They will not waste their strength in futile attempts to overthrow the democratic state—they will merely exploit all occasions for propaganda and all possible chances to exert executive influence. For this reason, some observers have concluded that the Communists, at least in Western Europe, have become genuinely democratic and national parties, while others have objected that these were merely transitory wartime changes in their tactics. The truth is the Communists have remained fundamentally dictatorial and "Russian," but they have genuinely ceased to be a revolutionary party in the traditional sense of the word.

At present the chief task of the Communists in Western Europe appears to be the occupation of "veto positions." While they are not strong enough to lead the country, it is their principal endeavor to prevent any development regarded as undesirable by the Soviet Union. In practice this means, above all, that they concentrate their efforts on opposing that closer cooperation of democratic-socialist Western governments which, whatever its real purpose, will be branded as a "Western bloc directed against Russia."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nationalization in Britain

by Bruce Bliven

THE LABOR GOVERNMENT in Great Britain is commonly called a Socialist one; but its present program falls very far short of anything like complete socialism, and is in fact limited to national ownership and operation of a few important industries. In this article I shall give a list of the chief plans of the Labor government in this field, in so far as they are known at this time.

The Bank of England. – The first action of the new government has been to get under way steps for the nationalization of the Bank of England. The process is compensation, not confiscation; the owners of the shares are to be bought out at a price which is obviously as much as they have any right to expect, as witness the recent rise in the price of these shares on the market. The government is forced to deal generously with the shareholders, because other industries are waiting their turn to be nationalized, and if the terms for the Bank shares were too niggardly, immediate private investment in the other industries might be halted, which would be a calamity in view of Britain's present serious economic and financial situation.

To the man in the street, of course, the nationalization of the central banking system will mean no visible change. He will continue to deal with his own bank exactly as he has done in the past. The difference, which will become visible only gradually over a long period of time, is that henceforth the central credit and money policies of the nation will be devoted to the interest of the whole people and not to that of the *rentier class*. It will also give the government an inside view of the operations of industry such as it could never obtain while central banking was in private hands.

Control of Investment. – As a corollary to the nationalization of the Bank of England, plans are being worked out for the control, in general, of the flow of private investment. Under unrestricted capitalism, of course, money moves into those industries, or aspects of industries, which promise the largest returns. These are not necessarily the ones where social need is greatest. The British government feels that it can no longer take the risk of having wealthy men put their money into the production of luxuries for their own class when there are grave shortages of necessities for everybody, and steps will therefore be taken to supervise the general flow of investment to make sure that, at the least, the most badly needed goods and services are put on the priority list. It is safe to assume, however, that these controls will be lightly exercised, at least for some time to come, and that as in the case of the Bank, the average individual will hardly be aware of them.

Coal. – Early on the timetable is the problem of coal. Britain needs large quantities of coal at a reasonable price for her own industries, coal which she certainly cannot now afford to import; and she has in the past exported substantial amounts of it, and needs these exports more than ever, in order to protect the value of the pound, if for no other reason. Yet coal is a decaying industry. Productivity is low and the morale of the miners is bad: during the war it became necessary to conscript men for the pits. Many of the best seams have been worked out, and it is difficult to apply modern machine methods to the remaining ones. Output per man-hour is far below the American level.

The morale of the miner should be higher when he knows he is working for his country and not merely for the profits of the owners. This will be particularly true if wages and working conditions are improved and inequities are ironed out. Great emphasis is to be laid on "pit production committees," whereby the workers will be able to take a direct part in the management of the industry—committees which would hardly have functioned efficiently under private ownership if the men knew the only result of their work would be to raise the profits of the owners.

Among the advantages that may be expected from nationalization are the following:

A working miner can in future hope to rise to a managerial job, if he has the requisite qualities. In the past the gulf between owners and workers was such that the very rare miner who went into management was usually accused of being a traitor to his class and to some extent had to act as one.

Inefficient, marginal mines can now be closed down; several mines in a single area can be consolidated into one operation, with large economies. Mining tunnels have often been separated by barriers of good coal, left there in order to avoid disputes between adjoining owners as to title; this coal can henceforth be taken out. In the past there has been much nepotism, a mine owner putting in his son or nephew as manager regardless of his abilities; this can now be ended. Research can be done for the whole industry on a far bigger scale, and its important results immediately applied

This is the second of three articles which Mr. Bliven has sent from England. The third, impressions of an American visitor, will appear in an early issue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Raising the efficiency of the industry will of course require very large amounts of new capital. Profits have been so small in the past that private investors would be very unlikely to risk the necessary sums.

Transportation. – All forms of transportation will be nationalized, except for shipping. (Proposals have already been made for completing the partial nationalization which now exists for domestic and international aviation and for cable and radio communications.) Many of the same arguments that are true of coal apply in these fields. Great savings should be possible by elimination of competing services when a single one is adequate to carry the load; centralized research which can be applied to the whole industry is better than spasmodic and limited efforts of individual firms; nepotism and the division between workers and management have been common and grave obstacles.

Working Parties. – One important new venture in bringing about improvements in industry is already in operation. "Working parties," the invention of Sir Stafford Cripps, are rapidly being formed for a group of important industries such as cotton, potteries and shoes, which are not on the list for immediate nationalization. These working committees include four representatives of the workers, four of the management, and another four plus chairman, appointed by the government to represent the national interest. They will examine all aspects of the industry, and particularly, of course, relations between management and labor, and will make recommendations for improvement. All sections of the community are taking these working parties seriously; workers and management are appointing good representatives, and the results may be of substantial importance.

Housing. – One of the toughest nuts Britain must crack is the housing question. She is short nearly five million houses, including 800,000 which were destroyed or severely damaged in the blitz. Overcrowding practically everywhere is as bad as, or worse than, it is in such American cities as New York and San Francisco. With shortages of materials and labor, the problem is a difficult one; but it is being tackled vigorously by the new Minister of Health, Aneurin Bevan, whom Americans have known as the former lively and uncompromising editor of the weekly London paper, *Tribune*. With a complete reversal of our own procedure, Britain is erecting houses first of all for the poor. No one may build anything without a government license, and such licenses are granted only if the proposed housing is in line with government policy. In general, the new houses are to be built in groups, in suburban developments where it is possible to control all the important conditions, and are to be rented, not sold.

For various reasons, a small house for a workingman which before the war could be built for about $1,800, today costs at least $4,000. The government is now paying a subsidy on those new houses which fulfill its requirements. These houses are not to cost more than $4,800 (except in the London area, where they may cost $400 more). On them a maximum subsidy of $800 will probably be given, three-quarters of which is paid by the central government and one-quarter by the local municipality. Mr. Bevan hopes to bring down the cost of a house materially, in various ways. One of these is to introduce the economies of large-scale operation. Another is by use of modern techniques, including new materials and partial prefabrication. Some factories that have been making war materials will be kept going under state ownership and operation to produce standardized housing equipment. "War-risk" insurance rates are still in force on materials imported by sea from abroad, and are needlessly high. Interest rates on borrowed money are also probably somewhat higher than they need to be. Some items of household equipment are still subject to sales taxes, though this is not true of furniture, refrigerators, cookers and a few other items. (No furniture is allowed to be manufactured except the severely simple "utility" type, and it is sold only to those whose need is greatest, such as newly married couples or those who lost their household goods in the blitz.)

Mr. Bevan is relying heavily on the local municipal authorities to get housing under way in their own areas. The private building trades are inclined to question whether these local authorities have the necessary skills and experience to do the job; to which Mr. Bevan replies that there are plenty of trained people available if they will coöperate with the governmental bodies, and he believes they will. Certainly, the Labor government is likely to stand or fall, in the eyes of the country, by its ability to turn out a reasonable amount of new housing, beginning next spring when the weather again permits rapid construction. If Mr. Bevan succeeds in the job, he might well become Prime Minister some day.

Town-Planning. – With housing goes logically the replanning of cities. The damage done in the blitz was so extensive in many communities that reorganization is now possible which would have taken decades in the ordinary course of affairs. Town-planning is a part of the program of the Labor government, certainly; but it is supported by so many other elements that I shall reserve discussion of it for a later article, merely remarking that, in this field, the British seem to be at least 10 or 20 years ahead of the United States.

Other Projects. – Close on the heels of the nationalization of the industries already mentioned will come several other items. Steel, iron, gas and electricity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will be taken over, with most of the presumptive advantages already mentioned.

As might be expected, the Labor government will push forward with an expanded social-security program. It will include larger and longer-continued payments for unemployment compensation and old-age pensions, and great extension of public-health activities.

It is safe to predict that the Trade Disputes Act, which labor has found so obnoxious, will be repealed.

The Labor Party is seeking a closer liaison with the unions than it has had in the past, and needless to say, the Labor government will be sympathetic to that ambition. If every trade-union member were automatically a member of the Labor Party, and his dues were included in his union assessment, the funds of the party would be doubled.

It should not be assumed from the foregoing that the Labor government is a monolith, consisting of men all of whom have a common purpose and program. On the contrary, there are sharp divisions within the party, and especially as to foreign affairs, which I shall discuss in another article.

Reading Luce in China

by Richard Watts Jr.

In the long and seemingly futile months of sitting out the war in Chungking in 1943-44, Mr. Luce's distinguished publications became of increasing importance to an American trying to keep in touch with news from the great outside world. In Dublin in the preceding year, they were of value, too, but in the neutral capital of Eire the need for them did not appear so great, since it was possible to find out a good deal of what they had to say by listening to the German radio broadcasts, which quoted from them with great regularity. In China we did hear their text as sent out by Domei, but by this time the pony air-mail edition of *Time* and, to a lesser extent, *Life*, reached us so quickly that we didn't have to depend on enemy quotations.

As a staff member of the Chungking branch of the Office of War Information I was in the fortunate position of receiving almost everything in the way of printed material from America that managed to find its way into China. Thus I was in a better position than the average American in beleaguered China to keep in touch with what was going on in a distant world that frequently seemed to have forgotten us; but it was not enough. To a lifelong newspaperman the absence of American newspapers was a particular handicap. And to make up for what was genuinely a void, there was *Time*, bright and brisk and skillful, reaching us only a week after publication date. With its excellent staff, its editorial dexterity and its general liveliness, *Time* seemed just the publication to provide us with the sort of details we wanted about stateside existence. Even the old stylistic mannerisms didn't seem as infuriating as they used to be.

It wasn't long, though, before the spell began to wear off a bit. It wasn't that the prose style grew annoying again or that the magazine became boring or, to be frank about it, that we ever ceased to dash for the copies of either *Time* or *Life* the moment they arrived. It was merely that, from our distant mountain fastness, we were detached enough to note very soon something that certainly shouldn't have surprised anyone: that behind a rather debonair-looking mask of high objectivity lay the grim visage of a pretty definite Luce propaganda line. Essentially it is the American Century, that grandiose and curiously jingoistic paean to the future, which Henry Luce made seem even more so by the lavishness of his prose style, that emerged as the inspiration of the *Time-Life* editorial viewpoint. Fortunately, however, the advocacy of the general line gave evidence of being advanced rather tentatively and inexplicitly and without the wholehearted vehemence which an in-some-ways similar journalistic empire—Hearst's—brings to its own wars.

Three articles of the program of the Luce journalistic cartel were, nevertheless, pounded at with Hearstian regularity: the anti-Roosevelt campaign, the pro-Kuomintang plaudits and the snarls at Russia. Since the first two items seemed to present greater simplicity to the editors and appeared to be without the problems which complicated the anti-Soviet drive, they should perhaps be considered at the outset. Most obvious of all was the anti-Roosevelt campaign. It was clear even to a casual reader that neither Luce weekly ever lost a chance to sneer at the late President or failed to find some method of attacking him, while always keeping up the pretense that it was being objective.

In fact, the propaganda barrage was so heavy that even those of us who prided ourselves on our knowledge of how Americans felt about issues and men, began to think that maybe, after all, Dewey was going to be elected President. This being the case, it was not

---

Richard Watts Jr. has been foreign correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune *in the Far East, Russia and Spain. He headed the Office of War Information in Dublin in 1942-43 and served as editor-in-chief of the same organization in China.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

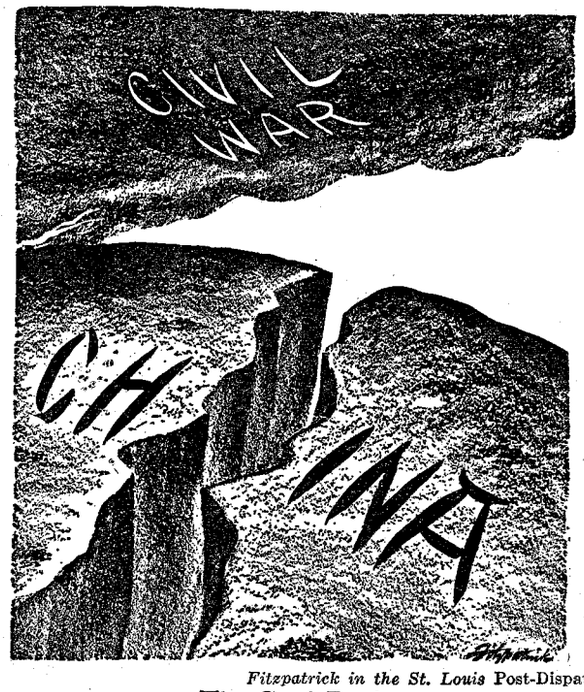
surprising that the Chinese liberals who saw copies of *Time* were enormously worried. They were, to a man, hoping for Roosevelt's reëlection to such an extent that most of them believed the Kuomintang was banking on a Dewey victory, knowing that a Republican administration would clearly have to support the reactionary ruling clique, while, so long as Roosevelt was President, there was always the possibility that the American government would throw its weight on the side of a progressive coalition rule for a united China. It was not only a pleasant surprise to all of us when the election returns came in, but it supplied welcome evidence that *Time*, at least, didn't have such great influence over the American Army in China, since both officers and GI's had voted overwhelmingly for Roosevelt.

At this point I hope I may be forgiven the interjection of an incident. When news of the death of Wendell Willkie reached Chungking, there was great and widespread sorrow. Then, while the steady political growth of this distinguished American was being discussed, it suddenly came to some of those present that Senator McNary, who had been Willkie's running mate in the presidential campaign of 1940, was also dead. Whereupon it was recalled that there had once been talk that if the Willkie-McNary ticket had won in that historic election, Henry R. Luce might have been Secretary of State, and the thought of Luce succeeding to the presidency made strong men tremble.

IN ITS POLICY toward the Kuomintang Party, the Luce organization abandons its lofty scorn for wide-eyed admiration. It admits that there are things in connection with the ruling clique in Chungking that are a trifle unsavory, but that does not prevent it from its rapt enthusiasm for Chiang Kai-shek and all his work, and bitterness for his enemies. Even when General Stilwell, who had long been, with great good reason, one of the Luce heroes, had his historic falling out with the Generalissimo, he was rather curtly put in his place in *Time*, while Brooks Atkinson, the drama critic who became the New York *Times* correspondent in Chungking, was patted on the back regularly by the Luce weekly until he took Stilwell's side in the controversy and told some strong truths about the Kuomintang, whereupon he was greeted as a tool of the Reds.

There is, indeed, every reason to believe that Henry Luce, who was born in China of missionary parents, has determined to stick grimly to the ruling oligarchy in the land of his birth with all the zeal of his missionary background, even though he is well aware of its backwardness and corruption. In no other way is it possible to account for his treatment of the work of Theodore H. White, the extremely able, energetic and understanding correspondent he has had in China throughout the war. No newspaperman in the Far East has more knowledge or greater love for the country in which he works than Teddy White. Like the others who visited the Communist-held districts in the northwest, he came back filled with praise for the things he had seen. As a somewhat watered-down piece of his which appeared in *Life* during one of his trips to the United States in 1944 indicated, he was by no means blind to the melancholy state of affairs in Kuomintang China at that time. (Incidentally, the Kuomintang members who knew that Mr. White was writing the article and were aware of conditions in their country, expected such a blast, that when the story appeared and proved surprisingly mild, they were relieved to the point of regarding it as praise.)

YET, apprised of the true state of affairs in China in the momentous fall of 1944, a period when there was the best opportunity in recent years of arranging for a unified China, *Time* saw fit to ignore the information sent it by a correspondent of the highest reliability in whom it has always placed great trust, and printed a long story to accompany a cover picture of General Stilwell, which was filled, not with any objective account of the facts, but with Kuomintang apologia and violent attacks on the Communists that ran counter to Teddy White's report. It published long anti-Communist tales supplied it by Lin Yutang and Representative Walter H. Judd, whose reliability is indicated by the fact that they have been insisting for the last two years that the Chinese Reds had not been fighting the Japanese at all, a contention disproved by all the news stories from China since the Japanese surrender; but it ignored what its own man had reported to it. It seemed characteristic when White received first word of his weekly's curious treatment of the Stilwell case through a Domei broadcast from Tokyo.



Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch
The Good Earth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Obviously, it is Mr. Luce's business if he wants to defend his chosen Chinese party at all cost, just as it is mine if I think he is picking the backward, reactionary side. My only point is that it does tend to destroy any reputation his publications may have for objectivity when they toss aside the careful, factual reporting of one of their ablest correspondents because it does not happen to fit in with the political line of the boss. That would be all right if *Time* were frankly a journal of opinion, but that is not what it presumes to be. Its insistence is that it is a news magazine with a passion for getting at the facts. Rightly, one of the proudest boasts of the Luce organization is the excellence of its foreign correspondents. Such men as Jack Belden, John Hersey, Charles Wertenbaker, Robert Sherrod, Will Lang, John Scott, Richard Lauterbach and Theodore H. White, to mention just a few, are deservedly leaders in their field, and their stories are high points in *Time*. Unfortunately, it frequently seems that their work is window-dressing, rather than an inherent part of a great, objective news magazine. As in the case of White, it is too often that reports from news agencies and tales from less justifiable sources, rewritten and recolored in the home office, set the authentic tone and express the Luce party line.

THE LUCE POLICY in regard to Russia struck this Chungking observer as being more devious than was the case in the direct assaults on President Roosevelt and the equally frank determination to boost the Kuomintang at all costs. In some part, this seemed to be due to the reputation and position of the correspondents involved. Theodore White in China was just as able, just as forthright and just as courageous as were John Hersey and Richard Lauterbach in Russia, but he suffered from two disadvantages. For one thing, he possessed an almost fanatic personal loyalty to his employers, which, while an admirable quality, caused him to accept their frequently cavalier treatment of him and his work with philosophical equanimity. For another, he was, as a result of the American public's lack of interest in Chinese affairs, better known and more respected by his colleagues in the newspaper business and by specialists in Far Eastern matters than he was to the average reader. Lauterbach and Hersey, particularly after the success of Mr. Hersey's *A Bell for Adano*, were better known to the public at large and were apparently not handicapped by the belief that they owed some mystical debt to the boss's prejudices.

Anyway, it was certainly true that the objective and informed reporting that Hersey and Lauterbach did on the Soviet Union forced its way into the magazine more emphatically than did White's equally objective reporting on China. Perhaps that was in part due to the fact that Mr. Luce's love for China is greater than his distaste for Russia. Nevertheless, if the Russophobia didn't seem as emphatic as the sentiment toward Chiang's regime, it did appear to be more all-pervading. At least it got into more departments. That was particularly noticeable in the book reviews, which never gave evidence of enjoying themselves as much as when they could get in a good body blow at the cohorts of Stalin or whisper with delighted terror about the menace of the Soviet Union. Since it is no secret that the book-review department of *Time* has long been one of the handsomest available refuges of the reformed left-winger, the reason for this violent distaste for the USSR was clear enough.

ONE OF the most fascinating phenomena of contemporary life, of course, has long been the violence of the converted Communist. This should have surprised no one, since the most pious member of any community has always been the reformed sinner, and the most wonderfully lurid speaker at any anti-saloon-league rally has invariably been the ex-drunkard. The most sympathetic observers of the Soviet Union have almost inevitably been the men who went to Russia without expecting too much, while the most violent assaults have been made by men like Eugene Lyons, who actually thought they were going to watch a Utopia in action. The converts from communism, having taken up the movement with religious fanaticism and been disillusioned, have naturally turned against the doctrines of Moscow with the same pious frenzy with which they bowed in that direction in the first place.

The book reviewers are not the only conscious followers of that line. John Chamberlain, who was once a rather radical critic and social historian, is now happily relieved of his leftist problems and enjoys his later days becomingly in his Luce pastures, dreaming cheerfully of the gospel according to Hayek and the possibility of proving that it was FDR who started the war against Japan. Then, of course, there is the gentleman generally accepted in informed whispering circles as the one who currently supplies the answers for the boss. He is Willy Schlamm, the Middle European journalist who was one of the leftest of the left-wing boys until he saw the light and went in for the usual violent flight from Moscow. Some time ago, it seemed likely that the converts were going to establish what was frankly a magazine of opinion but which was boldly going to label itself "liberal." There is less talk about the idea at the moment. Then there is the paradox that the expensive magazine of the Luce group, *Fortune*, which frankly proclaims its concern with big business, has run more genuinely liberal articles than the rest of the lot put together. To a man whose chief liberation since his return from the wars is that he doesn't really have to read any of the Luce publications, there is the suggestion that we should be happy that the great man's skill and energy are not matched by any Hearstian directness of reactionary attack.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sound Prolong

by E. Leigh

WEARY-EYED, he slouched in his seat while the bus wheeled through the morning sunshine. His chocolate-brown face looked out on the slow-moving telephone posts beside the road, and he gazed dreamily out of soft brown eyes, unhardened by the multiple hells of the past thirty months. Ex-Lieutenant Carver Davis, Negro, honorably discharged from the United States Army, was going home. As the unseen landscape slid by, he listened to his mother's voice. She was not there, yet she talked to him quietly, as she had throughout his boyhood:

Cahvuh, Cahvuh son, you comin' home, ain't you . . . Lawd, Cahvuh, Ah'm so happy . . . Ah'm waitin' fo' you, Cahvuh boy . . . We all waitin' fo' yuh . . . What you reckon, son? Yo' daddy done bought him some sto-boughten suspenduhs, he dat proud . . . Lily heah too . . . She been mighty faithful, Cahvuh. She been waitin' wid us a long time now, boy . . . Jest couple hours mo' ter wait . . . Do, Lawd, my boy, he a-comin' home . . .

Her voice faded, died as the heavy blue and gray bus ground to a stop. Outside was spring sunshine, and a patch of plowed ground, not yet sprouted. Inside, the stink of burned oil overcame for an instant the fetid odor of crowded, perspiring bodies. The driver turned in his seat, spoke to his passengers. He tried to be matter-of-fact, and kept his voice studiedly toneless, his face expressionless.

"All right now, folks, we're crossing the state line. I'll have to ask you colored people to take the seats to the rear. Sit behind the red markers on the backs of those seats."

Carver reached above his head to the baggage rack. "It's hard for him, too," he thought. Pain shot through his leg as his stump ground against the socket of his artificial limb. "Ah Lord," he thought, "what's the use? What have I got to go back to? Who cares what I've done, where I've been, what I've lost or gained, learned or forgotten? What's my rank worth now? I'm still a nigger! That's what I've been; that's all I've been—just a nigger bossing niggers! What the hell, don't I know how it is? I ought to. I've lived in it, wallowed in it, all my life!"

That's Carver Davis. . . Yeah, a smart nigger . . . You're right, by God, a college nigger . . . No? Now what in hell does a nigger want to go to college for? Niggers can't learn nothing. . . Yeah, that's a hot one, all right, a college nigger. . . Aw hell, Carver's all right, I reckon . . . Yeah, he knows his place . . . And he better damn well keep it, too . . . Yeah, you're right. Too Goddam many niggers gittin' uppity around here . . . Naw, can't have no uppity niggers around here . . . Aw, hell! I tell you he's all right . . . Yeah, maybe! But he ain't like his pappy . . . Why hell no he ain't! Old Com Davis is a white man's nigger . . . Damn right! Old Com knows a nigger's place . . . They better all learn it, if they know what's good for 'em . . . Yeah, but that's a good one, all right—a college nigger! . . . Hell yes, it's one for the book . . .

Carver limped toward the rear. "That's how it is, Lieutenant," he thought. "That's how it is. Keep telling yourself, Lieutenant. You're done giving the orders. Don't forget it! Grab your stuff, Lieutenant! Go on, get the hell to the back—you're still a nigger!"

He sat down in the last seat but one, on the right, inside, over the wheel. On the back of the seat before him were small red metal markers. The motor rumbled, tires crackled on the graveled shoulder of the road, eased onto the concrete. Gears clashed, the bus picked up speed, and he looked about him, saved from further thought by the movement, seeing the changing pattern of tree and plowed ground, stock tank, cattle, telephone posts flying past the partly open window.

"Wheah you goin', son?" The old woman behind him leaned forward, wrinkled brown face warm, smelling of snuff, flashing gold teeth.

"Walker's Chapel, ma'am. It's small, fifty miles or so from here." He had no heart to turn from her, no wish to continue the talk.

"Son, is you a offissah? Howcome dey lets you be a offissah?"

"I'm discharged, now. I just got one leg left me, ma'am!"

"Do now, Lawd! My boy, he in de ahmy! Yo' mammy, she be glad yo' home, no mattuh yo' ain't got no laig a-tall!"

"Yes," he thought, "she'll be glad":

Cahvuh, boy . . . mah lil' ol' boy . . . why Cahvuh, you wawks good on dat laig . . . I cain't hahdly tell it ain't yo'n . . . Eff'n I nevah knowed hit, I'd . . .

"But what of it," he thought. "You're still a nigger—a one-legged nigger, now. You worked in the fields while the white boys played ball, hunted, fished. You used their old schoolbooks, wore their cast-off clothes:

Mammy, Ah doan wanna weah them ol' things . . . Cain't Ah nevah have nuthin' new . . . Willie Dee done got a sto-boughten pair pants . . . Cahvuh, son, doan axe for whut we ain't got . . . Son, we ain't got de money fo' sto-boughten cloes lessen we got to hab 'em . . . Doan cry, Cahvuh, Ah aims to fixen these-heah up nice as Ah kin . . . All right, mammy. Ah ain't cryin', mammy! Hit's all

---

E. Leigh is the pseudonym of a writer who lives and works in the Southwest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

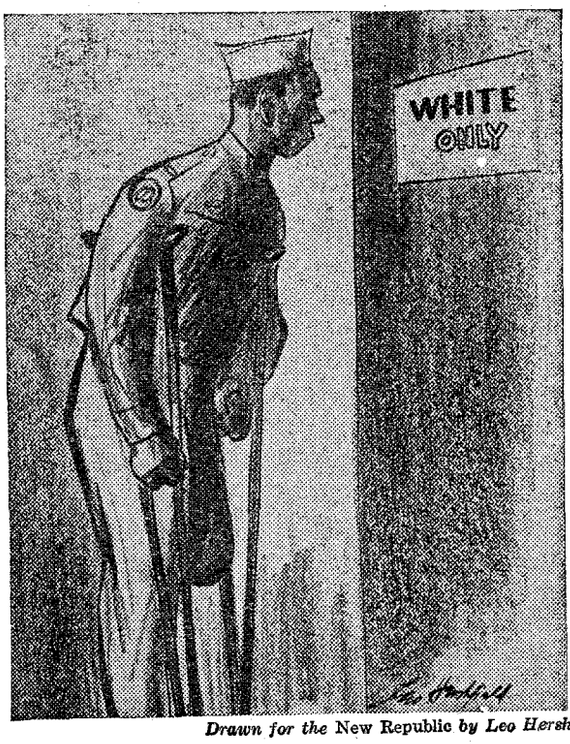
right . . . Dere now, Son Boy, doan take on so! You is a good boy, Cahvuh! Ah Lawd, wisht Ah could git yo' cloes at de sto'—jest onct . . .

You grew. You shined the white boys' shoes, mowed the white man's yards, toted the white women's wash home to your mother, toted it back to the white women. Remember Bennett Ashley, Lieutenant? He used to play with you when you were little kids together. How old was he when he learned that he was white, and that you were black? Was he five? Six? How old were you when you learned Miz' Ashley didn't want Bennett to play with nigger kids any more? Were you four?

Ben-nett! Ben-n-nett! Sonny, where are you . . . Right here, ma . . . Bennett Ashley, I've told you not to play with these little nigger kids . . . No, son! Not even Carver! Son, Carver is a nigger . . . Carver is a nigger, Carver is a nigger, a nigger . . . Mammy, what's a nigger . . . You Cahvuh! Who done been tawkin' about any nigger to you? You ansuh me, son . . . Miz Ashley, she won' let Bennett play wid me no mo' . . . She say I a nigger . . . Ah Lawd, son boy, po' little boy. Lissen to me, Cahvuh . . .

Maybe you were five, Lieutenant! It was a long time ago. You got along. Later you shined his shoes. When he was drinking maybe he'd give you a dollar. Maybe he'd give you a kick in the belly, too! Maybe both—a kick in the belly because he was a white man, and a dollar so it would show it was all in fun—just fun with the happy black boys, Lieutenant, just a little fun when you're feeling high:

Goddam it, Jack, niggers don't give a damn . . . Give 'em a dollar once in a while . . . Or a quart of rotgut . . . Hell, they gotta know their place, don't they? . . . No use lettin' a nigger get out'n his place . . . Ain't that right now, Carver? . . . Yassuh (you white bastard) . . . Carver's a good nigger, ain't you, Carver? . . . Yassuh . . . Got him a girl, too. I seen him with her. Some piece, ain't she, Carver? . . . Yassuh (you dirty rotten night-crawlin' white son) . . . Just yassuh. Yassuh! Cain't say no mo'. No use fightin', they'd hang me. No use saying anything. Just yassuh. Thank you, suh! Yassuh . . .



Drawn for the New Republic *by Leo Hershfield*

The warm brown face leaned over his shoulder. A mingling of snuff-smell and sweat-smell, fetid but not unpleasant, lay heavy around him.

"Son, yo' been a-mumblin' to yo'self. Might jest as well tawk to me. You looks smaht to me. Ah bet you been to school a lots."

"I used to go to Valley Normal."

"Do now! Dat a real big school, ain't hit?"

"Yes ma'am, it is a big school."

"Lawd, hit sho' is. Ah wuz dah one time. Ah went dah fo' to see my Cissy. She my daughtah. Ah bet yo' mammy, she proud ob yo'."

"Yes ma'am, she was proud of me, all right."

Mammy, cain't Ah go on to high school . . . Ah wants to go on, ef Ah can . . . Cahvuh, son, how we gonna manage hit? . . . We got no money, less'n yo' makes hit . . . Lemme go on, mammy, Ah'll make it . . . Ah gotta make it . . .

You made it. You worked in the southend stores evenings. You studied nights, when you weren't too tired. You worked in the field in the summers. You worked—in the fall, winter, spring, summer, fall . . . Till you sat there on the stage and knew you had made it.

. . . take great pleasure in announcing that Carver Davis . . . highest-ranking student . . . scholarship which will enable him to attend Valley View Normal . . . Carver, will you thank Mr. Withers . . . bringing this news all the way across town from his school . . . fat pink face and pig-blue eyes behind horn rims . . . Thank you, Mr. Withers . . . It's all right boy; you use it right now . . . Yes sir, thank you, sir . . . but I know you don't really give a damn, you know . . . I know tomorrow . . . Well, Withers, hear you went to the nigger graduation last night! Don't you get a belly full of schoolin' up on the hill? Ha! Ha! . . . Ha! Ha! Ha! that's right. No, part of my job, you know. Had a scholarship to carry over . . . Niggers like lots of fuss over things . . . treated me like I was God . . . yeah, a special table and all the fine fixin's . . . Ha! Ha! wish I'd been there to see you . . . But that's a good one. Nigger gettin' a scholarship . . . Yeah, they're givin' them to niggers now . . . Who? Oh it was one of them little Davis niggers . . . Old Com's kid, I guess . . . Leastways that's way Com says it is, ha! ha! ha! . . . Say, did I ever tell you the one about the nigger wench we had cookin' for us? . . . Yes, sir, Mr. Withers, thank you, sir . . . I know tomorrow . . . Just like today. And yesterday . . . But mammy'll be happy . . .

The bus stopped. It was Mariville, and the red-necked farmer in front of Carver pulled his straw satchel from the overhead rack. He shuffled out behind two girls in blue and white calico. Several passengers got on. The bus filled slowly with the warmth of bodies, unrelieved by air in motion. Stink of oil and grease. The seats filled, and paper bags and boxes bulged into the aisle from overcrowded laps. Still more feet, shuffling to the rear.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Where we gonna set down, Jack? I knowed we wouldn't git no seat." She was middle-aged, with helpless, fat hands mopping vainly at a perspiring red face. Her hair, dirty and half-heartedly hennaed, draggled stringily down her scaly neck as she whined.

"Aw be quiet, Goddammit; we'll set down all right! Lemme make that nigger move. We kin set there."

"But, Jack, them's the niggers' seats. See the markers?"

"Nigger seats, hell! Think I'm gonna stand up while a nigger squats? Think I'm gonna let my wife stand up? Now you shut up and lemme make him move!"

"Now, Jack, don't you start nothin' in here!"

"Hell, I ain't startin' nothing. The nigger ain't gonna say no!"

The hell he won't say no . . . who do you think you are anyway . . . God Almighty, because you're white . . . Come on back here . . . I heard you say it . . . make me move, dammit; the Germans couldn't . . . Rest, man, rest! Don't make trouble for yourself . . . you're nearly home now . . . that's it, home . . . that's what you fought for, isn't it? . . . You went across, you did all you could for your men, for yourself, for home . . . "Lord, God! Look at them niggers! Niggers is funny soldiers. Look at them niggers laughin'!" . . . "That looey ain't laughin'; maybe he knows where he's going." . . . "Aw, what the hell! Niggers ain't got enough sense to git scared!" . . . You went up with them, you came back with what was left of them . . . "Je-sus Christ! Them niggers is really shot up, ain't they?" . . . "Yeah! Pore bastards! I'm shore glad I ain't a nigger" . . . They sent you back home . . . Home *. . . you're nearly home now . . . All right, say it, you white . . .*

"Git up, boy. We gotta set here. You gonna have to move."

"There aren't any more seats to move to. Besides, this is the Negro section, isn't it?"

"Goddam it! My wife's gonna set down, and she ain't settin' by no uppity eddicated nigger! Now, you git up afore I git you up!"

The bus was a blur of faces turned rearward. Almost instantly the slumbering racial tension was alive, thrusting itself forward, holding onto the consciousness of the passengers, black and white, charging dangerously the fetid air. The driver, concerned, came rapidly to the rear.

"Just a minute! What's going on here?"

"This Goddam nigger . . ."

"Jack, I done told you not start nothing in here!"

"By God, looky here, driver, you gonna let a damn nigger set while a white woman stands up in yore Goddam bus?"

"But you don't want to set inna nigger section, do you. The markers . . ."

"Hell, looky here, jerk 'em off, like this . . . Now they ain't no more markers! How about it, driver? You gonna make a white woman stand up, by God, while a . . ."

"Well . . . look here, boy, I guess you better let this lady and her husband set here. We don't want no trouble . . ."

Carver got up, rising through a sea of staring faces, angry bloodshot blue-eyed, hate-burning brown-eyed, anxious and frightened brown-eyed. He stepped aside. Relieved, the driver hurried back front, slipped into his seat. The door closed, the motor groaned—a jerk, and the bus moved on.

Carver stood unseeing, swaying with the motion of the machine. His weight fell painfully onto the new scar tissue in the end of the stub that was fitted into the metal and leather socket just above the artificial knee-joint. His face was blank. He seemed not to hear the voices, around him, over him, on him, through him, low hum of voices heard and unheard, rasping into his numbed consciousness, whining thinly into his blood-filled brain:

Do now, Lawd! . . . Hell yeah, that's the way with niggers . . . Yes, I saw it . . . he had two whole seats and . . . but it was in the Negro section . . . I know, but a white woman *. . . damn nigger, gittin' pretty uppity, all right . . . po' boy, sho' hope he don' git in no trubbul . . . Oh, Jack, why don't you sit on the outside? I want to ride by the window . . . Hell, whassamatter with you? Ain't I had trouble enough makin' that damn nigger move, watinell's wrong now? . . . Jack (whispering complaint high and petulant out of fat sweatstreaked baggyskinned stragglehaired face), Jack, the nigger . . . he keeps bumping against my arm . . .*

"Look here, nigger!" Flat, fixed stare, eyes blue steel, narrow-mouthed hate.

"What you want?" Brown hatred, bitter and defiant.

"Goddam you, I'm tellin' you jest onct! Quit that bumpin' against my wife, you black . . ."

"Listen, I didn't bump her on purpose." Carver gripped the seat top, fighting off the red haze that was drowning, drenching his brain, making his eyes flicker, drawing his jaw muscles into knots.

"Well, nigger, I done told you!"

The redness rushed on, up and up, over him as he stood. The voices were hushed as the bus rolled on. All time and motion ceased for him.

"Don't call me that again," he said quietly. "Don't you call me nigger again!"

Don't call me nigger . . . Goddam you, call me in my name . . . call me Lieutenant . . . call me bastard . . . sonofabitch . . . what you like . . . not nigger, no more nigger . . . go on, get up out of your seat . . . crowd past her fat knees into the aisle . . . holler, old woman, holler . . . damn you, you're asking for it . . . I'll fight you . . . I've fought better men . . . but you'll be fightin' a nigger, nigger, nigger . . . go on, Lord God! . . . this is it, I got no gun . . . (smoke-filled roar of sound, squealing of brakes, screaming confusion through the stink of hot oil and gunpowder) . . . Got dark so fast . . . why mammy, what you doin' here . . . I thought you was home . . . it's dark . . . I can't hear what you're saying, mammy . . . Cahvuh, boy, Cahvuh . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Labor's Balance Sheet

THIS SEEMS as good a time as any for a sort of year-end review of the turbulent labor situation, at a time when strikes, jobs, wages and prices are all centers of interest. Let's start with what happened after World War I.

That war doubled the membership of the then undivided AFL, from two million to the unprecedented high of four million. War boosted union membership. Then (as now) reaction set in. The cry was "Back to Normalcy." The industrial truce ended; living costs soared; the labor crisis became explosive. What did Wilson do? Just what Truman has done. He summoned a labor-management-public conference, held in Washington in October, 1919. As it assembled, there was trouble in the steel mills (as now).

Wilson's labor-management conference failed. Old Judge Gary of U. S. Steel didn't believe in collective bargaining and hired deputies with clubs, judges with injunctions and Negro strikebreakers from the South to smash the strike, which they did. The irritated public said labor was getting out of hand . . . hadn't workers profited enough in the war? Newspapers howled "radicalism." And so it happened that the membership figure of four million in 1920 was the AFL highwater mark for many a long day; Sam Gompers—who hated direct political action—never lived to see the figure surpassed, and by 1923 membership was down 30 percent. Even in 1935, when the fuddy-duddy AFL finally got the hormone injection of the CIO, its membership was still around 3.5 million.

Today, labor faces another great postwar crisis. That it's a big one, nobody can deny. But in spite of everything, labor has made gains that can't be lost. Labor's crisis finds leadership jealously divided, wages sinking, membership diminishing, Congress menacing and the public hostile, yet, for all that, its amazing recent record stands and must be recorded here for perspective.

Think of the speed of the Roosevelt labor revolution! Right down to 1937, U. S. Steel was still implacably resisting collective bargaining. Only ten years ago the total AFL membership (including the eight still undivorced CIO unions) numbered only 3.5 million. The CIO-PAC, representing labor's new political arm, is only two and one-half years old. It's hard to grasp the swiftness of the change and the reënergizing of democracy that may result.

Here's an estimate of union membership on V-J Day:

	Claimed Members
AFL	6,800,000
CIO	6,000,000 (est.)
Mine Workers	600,000
Rail Brotherhoods (Ind.)	450,000
Telephone workers	200,000
Others	500,000
Total	14,550,000

These figures have already been reduced, but if families were included, the total might be doubled or tripled. It is no longer possible to divide the country into "management, labor and the public," for labor is increasingly becoming "the public." Yet, with a nation of 60 million workers, America is still backward in labor organization.

The trouble is that this membership is shrinking. Labor's war snowball is beginning to melt. The CIO-Auto Workers, now at a crisis, had a peak membership of 1,250,000; they are probably below one million today. War trades are hardest-hit: the machinists and boilermakers on the AFL side, but particularly the CIO industrial unions.

This membership decline was foreseen. If organized labor can check the decline at the 30-percent point of the First World War, it will still lose 4,350,000 members. Labor's present problems are obvious. Millions of workers are shaken loose from high-paid war jobs, and millions of demobilized GI's are now competing in the postwar job hunt. Congress has weighted the scales on the side of industry—aiming primarily at this semantic bogey of "Labor" and not realizing, perhaps, that it includes a great share of the returned veterans. Congress has set up a tax system which puts a premium on industrial non-production until January 1, when the excess-profits tax ends; and it also has arranged to recompense in the event of big-business losses in 1946, by refunds of previously paid excess-profits taxes. Congress hasn't made any equivalent provision for workers. It has refrained from extending unemployment insurance and other social legislation just because this would prop up labor's economic position. The threat of restrictive legislation will be constant for months to come.

Labor's biggest problem, as many of us have seen it here while covering the labor-management conference, is not the foes outside, but the weaknesses within. Leadership is divided. Up to a point, competition has been a good thing; the CIO has done wonders for the AFL and finally cracked through the conservatism and increasing timidity of William Green (who achieved a really remarkable feat in keeping membership down to 3,500,000 for years). But this division now exposes labor at every point, at a time when its national voting strength, for the first time, might otherwise safeguard it politically. Green is timid, weak and hopeless; lovable Phil Murray is certainly no showman; and John L. Lewis—even now, perhaps, the strongest single figure in the American labor movement—is egocentric, unstable and economically myopic.

An even greater weakness is the adolescent quality of union membership, an inevitable sequel of the rapidity of expansion. Large numbers of new trade unionists have no tradition of collective bargaining, are unruly, undisciplined and untutored. The great, unwieldy UAW-CIO knew it faced a postwar crisis all during hostilities, yet its inexperienced members would not permit the executive to amass a war chest of the size needed. Collective bargaining is rusty, and many unions have leaned on a sympathetic administration till they are flabby. Also chickens are coming home to roost, in the matter of workers' contract violations during the lush war days.

These are some of the background factors, amid strikes and threats of strikes. One encouraging development is the hint that reconversion unemployment may not be so high as expected; current statistics are rather hopeful.

Washington T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dream Manors

"SPELLBOUND" is a soupy, synthetic movie that will probably hold your attention. For one thing it deals, as few movies have, with the analysis of a man (Gregory Peck) who is said to be suffering from paranoia, schizophrenia and a guilt complex. What is more, it reveals the basic situation in psychoanalysis wherein the patient lies on a couch and says whatever comes into his mind, regardless of the consequences. It is also fairly accurate about some of the questions an analyst asks, some of the things a patient says, and both their reactions. The attitude is always youthful and wide-eyed and the movie as slow-motion and unbelievable as a story in the *Woman's Home Companion*. The plot, which has to do with finding out who murdered the chief psychiatrist at Green Manors, a sumptuous mental home, and the attempt of the female analyst (Ingrid Bergman) to hide the accused while she analyzes him, is worked out with excessive care to give each step some degree of logic, but it is a logic you never believe in and you don't feel that its director (Alfred Hitchcock) does either. Hitchcock's methods of creating tension, fear and obsessive fascination in a character for some threatening or alluring object, have become very mechanical, but he still produces those elements better than most directors. Also he still makes a tight, streamlined mystery. There is a very good bit performance by Wallace Ford as a contemptuous masher from Pittsburgh. He is an integrated character who is above any rebuff, with one of the best drooping lips I've ever seen in the movies, an unusual seediness and loose posture and a wonderful way of talking in a completely done-in style.

The mixture of analysis and murder doesn't come to much, especially for analysis. For one thing, Miss Bergman doesn't look like an analyst. She still seems to believe, and is encouraged to believe, that she should enact the dream girl of a Phi Beta Kappa, which she does better than most Academy Award winners, but it is a role that limits this movie and almost any in which she appears. There is an almost imperceptible amount of characterization of the hero—he has the quality of being less a person than a limp object. One reason for this is that only one brief instant of his past and little of his present are shown. When he comes into the picture he appears completely misplaced and he always seems to be suffering from the fact of being there. This is partly due to an excessive coldness about Mr. Peck and his look of seeming lost. He is racked almost as much as Lillian Gish was in "Broken Blossoms," but none of his suffering projects any pain, nor do you get any sense of his feeling of guilt. Throughout, Hitchcock and his script-writer, Ben Hecht, imply that the hero is both completely capable and completely incapable of murder. Confusion doesn't seem to be their aim so much as the fact that every time they imply the worst in their hero they are able to build a melodramatic situation.

The movie becomes much more enjoyable and closer to reality when, at the end of the first hour, the hero and heroine go to another analyst (Michael Chekhov). The scene starts off nicely by pointing up the difficulty people in waiting rooms have making their talk and actions seem sensible or unobtrusive. Mr. Chekhov is a cute approximation of Freud's looks and does a good comic mimicking of the popular notion of the foreign analyst. The scene is written well and at length. Chekhov says especially sensible things, for instance that Miss Bergman has been carrying on unlike an analyst—which was noticeable from the beginning, when she flinched at the first thing one of her patients said. I wasn't convinced at all that Mr. Peck himself got cured. It is my belief that the analysis, which takes about three hours and is performed literally on the run from the police, on a Pullman, in a New York hotel room and during a ski jump, was just getting started as the picture ended.

By this time the talent and intelligence that Hitchcock showed in his English movies have been diluted to the point where he no longer seems very talented or intelligent. The first meeting between Miss Bergman and Mr. Peck in the staff dining-room goes over, step by step, one of the most traditional and least sound maneuvers in movie-making—that for showing love at first sight: the instant in which they see each other is made to seem so long that the movie actually stops, and while it is stopped you are given close-ups of the two faces showing an incredible amount of understanding, love and shock. The average Hitchcock shot today is usually without an effective, provocative or original detail; the photography is an all-soft, warm, harmonious kind in which backgrounds are blurred out; his real efforts at expression now seem extraneous, utterly pretentious and often have a wooden-soldier articulation.

The enactment of the hero's dream, based on Dali sketches, is a pallid business of papier-mâché and modern show-window designing. The moment in which the hero runs in ominous slow-motion down a steep plane has a great sense of the dream—of suspended atmosphere; it also has a quality recalling the kind of geometric distortion of reality that de Chirico practises.

The best movies I have seen recently are "Confidential Agent," "My Name Is Julia Ross" and "The Last Chance"; "This Love of Ours" and "Pardon My Past" are even worse than "Spellbound"; "They Were Expendable" (directed by John Ford) and "And Then There Were None" (directed by Réné Clair) are in "Spellbound's" class.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

I have just returned from a conference on wages. Labor was represented by a very smart lawyer; and management was represented by a kindly employer.—*Roger W. Babson in his syndicated column.*

"We want to export our culture and not import theirs," Dr. J. Martin Klotsche, Dean of Education, Milwaukee State Teachers' College, said in discussing his topic, "Educating for One World," at the first annual educational conference of the Toledo Federation of Teachers.—*From the* Michigan Teacher, *a publication of the Michigan affiliate of the American Federation of Teachers.*

Reciprocity

"Jovially and jocularly, I might suggest that when Mark Ethridge gets through with his Balkan study, he might be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brought back to observe democratic processes in the Senate." – Secretary Henry A. Wallace at anti-poll-tax meeting.

"Or at least we might reciprocate and invite the Balkans to send an observer to the Senate." – Dr. Clark Foreman, president of the Southern Conference on Human Welfare at same meeting. – *From the Louisville* Courier-Journal.

The More It Changes

Mr. Lindbergh advised the legislators present to favor keeping the atomic bomb a complete American military secret. He frankly admitted he had changed his views about isolationism during the war. – *From the Washington* Evening Star.

Total-Peace Department

His [Genjiro Nomoto, vice-president of the Association of Recreation] plans for rebuilding Japan under the terms of the Potsdam declaration include picnics on which geishas will accompany Yanks and help them gather grapes, strawberries and chestnuts. Nomoto said that some of the girls will be specially trained as partners for billiards, golf, tennis and shooting. – *From the Washington* Post.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Recent Psychiatric Literature

SIR: I should like to commend the *New Republic* for the excellent reviews (October 22, 29) on recent psychiatric literature written by Dr. Frederic Wertham. I and many of my colleagues have been extremely impressed by the opinions expressed in these articles.

We tire of all these bloodless statistical surveys which attempt, in current parlance, to do "the work of calomel without the danger of calomel."

New York City JEANNE SMITH, M.D.

SIR: To say that Dr. Frederic Wertham's reviews of recent psychiatric literature were stimulating and provocative is to remark upon the obvious. Dr. Wertham is no gadfly. He has made excellent use of the opportunity to perform a bit of exploratory surgery on the body of modern psychiatry, and his deft biopsy has revealed some necrotic tissue.

Dr. Wertham is apparently one of those rare scientists whose view of the forest is not obscured by the trees. . . .

Utica, N. Y. LIEUTENANT JOSEPH J. JABLOW

SIR: What a splendid—and necessary—clearing of the situation are these Wertham reviews!

New York City ELLA WINTER

SIR: As a psychiatric social worker I was concerned on reading Dr. Wertham's review in the *New Republic* of October 22 to find the extent to which he is destructive in his attitude toward psychoanalysis. In his criticism of the three books, it is unlikely even on the face of it that all of them should appear to have so little justification as he ascribes to them. It is unlikely that analytically trained psychiatrists with the standing of Dr. English and Dr. Pearson should write a book so silly as Dr. Wertham would have it. The conclusion seems obvious that Dr. Wertham is biased in his review, that he either wishes to show how clever he is by running the other fellow down or is threatened by the psychoanalytic approach. In the latter case, unless other reviews are given, I should think the *New Republic* would hesitate to present Dr. Wertham's view on analytically influenced material to its readers.

Cambridge, Mass. ELIZABETH BRYANT

SIR: To paraphrase Miss Bryant, "it is unlikely even on the face of it" (1) that a social worker should judge a case before it is completed, or a review before she has read its conclusion; (2) that a social worker should call a review "destructive" in which such a serious constructive plea is made for elementary decent care for aged people; (3) that she would want me to review a book according to the "standing" of the authors rather than on the merits of its contents.

And yet Miss Bryant does just that.

New York City FREDERIC WERTHAM, M.D.

Nationalism and the Zionists

SIR: Your editorial condemnation of all nationalism, and Zionist nationalism in particular, seems totally unreal. You assume that nationalism is bad by nature, instead of recognizing the difference between true and perverted nationalism. How else has a people ever asserted its will to live except through nationalism? Witness the nationalism of the 1840's in Europe, which overthrew oppressive monarchies, the rallying of our own country after Pearl Harbor, the heroic resistance before Stalingrad, the Indian and Indonesian independence movements of today—these, too, are expressions of nationalism. How can you compare Zionist nationalism with British imperialism or isolationist jingoism? Where is there evidence of Zionist oppression of Arabs? Do you find an imperialistic power encouraging the subject people to join its trade unions and share in a higher standard of living? Zionism has attracted a wave of Arab immigration into Palestine far surpassing Jewish immigration. May I refer you to I. F. Stone's articles in *PM* for a true picture of Arab-Jewish relations in Palestine.

You seem to feel that the development of internationalism requires a dissolution of nationalism. I suggest that internationalism is best fostered by incorporating into national cultures the ideals of international coöperation and self-determination of nations of their right to life. How hollow the idea of a United Nations Organization must sound to people who have not yet realized national independence! May I quote a sample of one Zionist's nationalist philosophy, that of Professor Mordecai Kaplan: "The motive that has been the dynamic force behind Jewish achievement in Palestine has been a faith in the destiny of man to achieve a better social order than has yet been achieved anywhere, one in which nationalism would function not as an aggressive military or economic force in the hands of predatory interests, but as a civilian agency utilizing the cultural traditions of the various peoples for intellectual growth, esthetic enjoyment and social communion."

New York City PAUL B. STEINFELD

A Correction on John Perry

SIR: In the biographical note to my article, "A Guaranteed Annual Wage" (the *New Republic*, November 19), you described me as a "business consultant specializing in food matters." This statement was true last spring when you published my article on the food shortage. Shortly after that article appeared, I began reconverting to my prewar business: public-relations consulting. I even bought advertising space in the *New Republic* to announce this fact.

JOHN PERRY

Washington, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS *for Christmas*

JUST OUT!—A Perfect Gift Book

WIND ISLAND
Written and illustrated by
HEDVIG COLLIN

"To the children, a jolly, exciting story with delightful pictures. To their elders, a book that deserves its place among the arts." —MARY GOULD DAVIS, *The Saturday Review of Literature* *Ages 5-10* $2.00

POPPADILLY
Written and illustrated by
AUDREY CHALMERS

"Delightful and convincing characters in a fresh and amusing corner of the world of make-believe."—ANNE T. EATON, *N. Y. Times* *Picture book* $1.00

AUGUSTUS
By CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP
Illustrated by Grace Paull

"Will make a lovely Christmas present—an appealing black calf who stepped out to see the world."—*Boston Traveler*
Picture book $1.50

THE WIND BOY
By ETHEL COOK ELIOT
Illustrated by Robert Hallock

"This new edition is a welcome event, for here is fantasy at its rare and exquisite best."—*Chicago Sun*
Ages 8-12 $2.00

SECRETS
By JESSIE ORTON JONES
Illustrated by Elizabeth Orton Jones

"One of those rarely beautiful books that holds the loveliest of children's fancies."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*
Ages 8-12 $2.00

BURLAP
Written and illustrated by
MORGAN DENNIS

"A thoroughly human and delightful story about a Basset hound, with accents of genuine humor."—*Boston Herald*
Picture book $1.00

YOU CAN WRITE CHINESE
Written and illustrated by KURT WIESE

"Nothing like it has ever been published before . . . a clarifying, fascinating introduction to a hitherto mysterious subject." —*Chicago Sun* *All ages* $1.50

THE YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER
By ETHEL PARTON
Illustrated by Margaret Platt

"A worthy addition to this author's period stories." —*Chicago Tribune* *Pre-teen age* $2.00

THE MITCHELLS
Written and illustrated by
HILDA VAN STOCKUM

"A hearty family book . . . well written and dramatically sustained." —VIRGINIA KIRKUS *Pre-teen age* $2.50

ALL THOSE BUCKLES
By E. R. GAGGIN
Illustrated by Mildred Cloete

"One of the season's finest stories—a lovable family."—*Washington Times Herald* *Pre-teen age* $2.00

THE MULE SKINNERS
By MYRA REED RICHARDSON
Illustrated by Louis S. Glanzman

"If you give this to a small boy, he'll probably read it over and over."—MAY LAMBERTON BECKER, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*
Pre-teen age $2.00

High School Age

NORTH FORK
By DORIS GATES
Jacket by Wesley Dennis

"If only there were more books for boys like this one! . . . a working philosophy woven in with a good story about real people."—*Chicago Sun* $2.00

WINGS OVER THE DESERT
By GRAHAM M. DEAN
Illustrated by Wesley Dennis

"Thrilling story of the Civil Air Patrol, centered around a young cub reporter."—*Retail Bookseller* $2.00

BORDER IRON
By HERBERT BEST
Illustrated by Erick Berry

"This fine book tells the story of a real boy and his sheepdog, who solve a border dispute over iron ore in the 1750's." —*Baltimore News Post* $2.00

AMERICAN EMPEROR
By ROSE BROWN
Illustrated by C. B. Falls

"A clear picture of Brazil's Portuguese background and an interesting account of Dom Pedro II's 49-year regime." —GERTRUDE ANDRUS, *Library Journal* $2.50

SANDY
By ELIZABETH JANET GRAY
Color frontispiece by Robert Hallock

"Older readers will enjoy this book for its New England atmosphere . . . the insight it gives into the heart and mind of a modern girl."—*Phila. Friends Intelligencer* $2.00

NEW FOUND WORLD
By KATHERINE B. SHIPPEN
Illustrations and maps by C. B. Falls

"A lively, informed, and fascinating book . . . six hundred years of the life and history of South America."—*Saturday Review of Literature* $3.50

Write for free, illustrated 1945-46 catalogue THE VIKING PRESS, 18 East 48 Street, New York 17

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Debut of an American Classic

The Friendly Persuasion

by JESSAMYN WEST

THE FRIENDLY PERSUASION is a rare and beautiful adventure in reading. Jessamyn West has filled her book with the color of the Indiana countryside, with homely wisdom, with a love for people, and a gaiety and wit that flavor each chapter.

CHARLES LEE: "Her writing sings . . . No mere seasonal triumph . . . bears the hallmark of literature."

ASSOCIATED PRESS: "This is a most subtle and sensitive author, informed exhaustively about the human heart." *$2.50*

ALL TRIVIA

By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

Here are the "tremendous trifles," as Don Marquis called them, emended and revised by the author. *$2.50*

BLACK METROPOLIS

By St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton. A study of Negro life in a Northern city. "Great . . . From cover to cover, this is a book of intellectual discipline and talent."—NEW REPUBLIC. Charts and diagrams, *$5.00*

VIRGINIA WOOLF

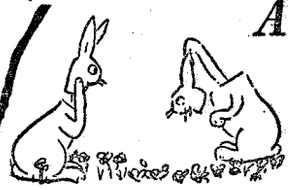
By Joan Bennett. Her art as a novelist. "Provocative . . . For it leads one at every point to the text of Virginia Woolf, to the special beauty and significance which it is the critic's duty to discover."—N. Y. TIMES. *$2.00*

TRIAL BALANCE

By William March. 55 of his stories, many of which have never appeared in book form, and several new ones published here for the first time. *$3.50*

JAMES THURBER

A Tale of Love and Magic and other Perils



THE WHITE DEER

With illustrations by the author and four pages in multi-color by Don Freeman. *$2.50*

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Winter Book Number

For the Postwar Writers

OURS WAS a lucky generation, and I am speaking of the writers who came of age during or shortly after the First World War. We were lucky enough to be born into a peaceful world, without the moral insecurity that followed the war, or the economic insecurity of the 1930's, or the fear that hangs over all of us since the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima; thus we started out with an easy sort of confidence. We were lucky to have served in the other war. Sometimes the world's misfortune is the good luck of special groups; and the army took us abroad, introduced us to foreign peoples and gave us a perspective on our country that otherwise would have been difficult to obtain. We were lucky to have started writing at a time when it was comparatively easy to break into the magazines and when the public was hospitable to new writers. We were lucky to have our road broken by pioneers, men like Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson and O'Neill, who had revolted against the niceness and insipidity of American writing in their youth. We were lucky to have lived in the 1920's, at a time when almost anybody was willing to make or accept any sort of experiment in art or life. We were lucky to have been fairly well established in our profession before the great crash, so that we suffered from it less than did the younger writers.

Those writers who came after us were not so lucky. They started their careers at a time when the public wasn't buying books, when several publishing houses were bankrupt, when magazines were getting thinner and finally dying of malnutrition, and when it was almost impossible for young men to earn their livings as free-lance writers. They had to find jobs somehow, and the jobs were likely to be in Hollywood or with the Luce magazines, which had continued to prosper, or else with the Federal Writers' Project; in all these cases the young men were attached to bureaucratic organizations which had a tendency to discourage their taking personal risks. There was, however, one risk they did take. Many of them joined the radical movement and showed the enthusiasm of converts by writing proletarian novels, a task for which most of them were wholly unfitted by training or experience. Then came the second war, and they were called into the army just at the moment when they were emerging from their difficulties and finding exactly how they wanted to write.

If these younger men as a group—I am not speaking of individuals—have accomplished less than the earlier generation had accomplished at the same age, it isn't for any lack of talent or patience or courage, but simply because the times were against them. Nevertheless, the fact must be noted that we have been passing through a rather drab period in American literature, one in which there have been comparatively few discoveries or inventions. Hemingway's style has been imitated but not improved, so it seems to me, in almost every novel about the recent war. Faulkner, Wolfe, Fitzgerald and Dos Passos: you can find the influence of one or another in almost all the serious books by younger writers. Crane and Cummings keep reappearing in the new poetry, and in some of it there is not much else, except the inevitable echoes of W. H. Auden. I have the feeling that we are now at the end of a period, rather than the beginning, and I am waiting to see what happens when the still younger writers are out of uniform.

I think these writers of the new wartime and postwar generation have better opportunities than were offered to their immediate predecessors. Financially, their prospects are very much brighter. There was never a time when the audience for books was so large, or when such fantastic rewards were paid to their authors. We have heard during the past year of plays that failed on Broadway, but nevertheless were sold to the movies for as much as $300,000; and we have heard of recent novels that earned half a million or more. There is a danger for young writers; there is a danger for anyone in making so much money so rapidly, but I suppose that most of us are willing to run the risk. Meanwhile the earnings for less popular books and the rate of payment for magazine articles and stories have also risen, so that it is now possible for a young writer, if he has the skill, to support himself by his work almost from the beginning.

With the world changing rapidly, the younger men will have no trouble finding something new to write about. As yet I have no clear notion of what they will say. After the expected series of disillusioned novels about life in the army, American literature may take a totally new direction. One possibility that struck me is that we may at last have some convincing love stories. We seldom had them in the past. Of all the American novels I have read, from Cooper and Hawthorne down to Hemingway, not a single one (except perhaps *The Wings of the Dove)* could be called a great love story. Love has usually been a minor theme in serious American novels, brought in as a concession to women readers while the author himself was interested in the lonely hero fighting the wilderness, in the decline of a family or the pursuit of the great white whale. But in the few fairly honest war films we have had from Hollywood, like *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, the love scenes between husband and wife have been more effective than the battle pictures; and these scenes suggest that the American attitude toward love is changing, and that the change may soon be mirrored in American writing.

Besides new subject matter and the stimulation of living in a rapidly changing world, the postwar writers will have another advantage, in this case one that was lacking to our own generation. They will have an American literary tradition which they can follow or against which they can rebel. Writers work best in a tradition, each one imitating or attacking his predecessors and learning from their mistakes. In our own days, however, the tradition that once existed in New England had been broken and we were forced to start over for ourselves. Now, after thirty years,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we are waiting to act the part of old fogies shaking our already gray heads over the follies of the wild youngsters. The youngsters, however, have kept their follies pretty well under control; they have seemed to us too cautious, too decorous, too polite to their elders. We are expecting and even hoping to be pushed rudely aside.

I remember a long time ago the curious belief some of us had, that almost everything worth writing had been written already, that all the big themes had been treated, that there was nothing left for us but little corners of human experience still to be illuminated. When the time came, the writers of my generation found a great deal to say, and yet it was only a very minor portion of what might have been said. It now seems to me that there is a whole world of thoughts and emotions still to be expressed, and very little time in which to express them; and I envy those who are starting the adventure with forty or fifty working years in front of them.

There is a special need for good writers in these times. The part they can play isn't the one sometimes assigned to them, that of inducing men to accept new political doctrines. The political organizers and agitators can play that role more effectively. Writers have the somewhat different social task of speaking for the human imagination, which at present needs all the voices it can find; for the fact is that lack of imagination is the principal malady from which the world is suffering. Most of us have become so torpid emotionally that we are no longer able to picture the joys or sufferings of other men. If they are citizens of a foreign country, if their skins are black or yellow, if their noses are a quarter-inch too long, or if they simply live on the wrong side of the tracks—if they are factory workers instead of business men, or farmers instead of clerks, or clerks instead of farmers—then most of us cannot believe that they really suffer or really enjoy themselves in the fashion of superior people like ourselves.

In a recent number of the *New Republic*, there were several quotations from the *Congressional Record*, remarks offered by congressmen in a debate over making an already promised appropriation for United Nations relief. I won't apologize for repeating three of them. Said Mr. O'Konski of Wisconsin, "Mr. Chairman, I am more concerned about freedom than I am about food. . . . Where does this call for more food, where does this call for more clothing and for more medicine, come from? Does it come from the people who have given their all for freedom? Not at all. The call for more clothing, more food and more medicine comes from the chiselers and the gangsters and the racketeers that have forced a government against the will of those people." Mr. Smith of Ohio said that UNRRA was "an international racket of the first water. . . . It should be abolished forthwith and not another cent appropriated for it." Mr. Hoffman of Michigan said that Europe did not need any more clothes or medical supplies because it was not used to having them. I suppose that these three congressmen and others like them are kindly men in their own homes. If a neighbor was hit by a car, they would see that he received medical attention. If a woman was starving in one of their own streets, they might send food to her. But they simply have not the imagination to understand, to feel, that millions of people in Europe need medical attention, that a hundred millions are on the edge of starvation. They are exactly like the German farmers, kindly men in their own homes, who lived at the edge of concentration camps and closed their minds to what happened behind the barbed wire. But the truth is that we are all a little like those German farmers; we have closed off our imaginations for fear that they might lead us to act.

Good writers have imagination and make use of it; imagination is part of their technical equipment. The writer —using the word in its broadest sense to include dramatists and scenarists and soap-opera librettists and even public speakers—the writer alone has the opportunity to widen our imaginative scope, to make us feel, for example, that Frenchmen are not merely Frogs, or Italians Wops, or colored persons niggers; that everyone breathes and suffers like ourselves; that all of us are part of a brotherhood that is wider than national or racial boundaries. And without this type of imagination, I don't see how any plan for the future can be a success.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Watershed

Essay on Rime, by Karl Shapiro. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 72 pages. $2.

WHATEVER ELSE one may conclude about the merits or demerits of Mr. Karl Shapiro's remarkable tour de force, *Essay on Rime*, and perhaps all the more because it is certain to be violently liked or disliked for an immense variety of reasons, whether esthetic, psychological, sociological or philosophic, one feels assured of one thing: this little book is destined to become a kind of literary watershed. In the very act of taking such a theme, and taking it with deliberate high seriousness, Mr. Shapiro made that almost inevitable. The poem itself might not wholly come off, for no poem does; the details of view or taste might be here and there at fault, or the proportions seem idiosyncratic; but the idea was itself of the first order, and could do nothing but succeed. To write a treatise on poetry, and to write it in verse, and with this to combine a critical commentary on the evolutions and revolutions of the poetry of the past half-century—this, for a young poet, was a quite astonishing notion, and one of which the sheer boldness was perhaps merely the obverse of the poet's ability to carry it into execution. Mr. Shapiro has done it, at all events, and it needs less than half a poetic eye to see at once that in thus offering himself up as a catalyst and crystallizer of the period, he has quite startlingly changed everything. The whole poetic scene, whether one looks at it with the inertia of the one-or-two-generations-past or the tendentiousness of the generation-to-come, is subtly reorganized, and for good.

How useful this will be we can guess at once, even if we cannot measure it, and even, too, if each of us, in his own degree or kind, would have preferred some other order than that which Mr. Shapiro imposes. The point is that we now *have* an order, where before we had little or none, and if we want to oppose it, then it can only be with another sort of order of our own. Thus, for the present reviewer, Mr. Shapiro's poetic constellations seem at times a little arbitrary and exclusive, and more especially as we are taken back near the turn of the century. In a poem of two thousand lines not everything can be included,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Houghton Mifflin Company's **Gift Guide** *Books to cure a Christmas headache*

	Fiction			Non-Fiction		
	Romance	Froth	Chills	The past	The present	Timeless
Heavy Thinker	Best American Short Stories Children of the Covenant Swing Low	Looking for a Bluebird Hunky Johnny The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith	Beneath the Stone	Thomas Jefferson Raw Material Against These Three	Europe in Revolution One Nation More Lives Than One	The Practical Cogitator The Wisdom Tree Encydopedia of World History
Returned Hero	Hunky Johnny Written in Sand Birth of Mischief It's a Free Country The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith Hurry Home to My Heart The Private Adventure of Captain Shaw	Outside Eden Suds in Your Eye High Time Country Mouse	Bedelia Leave Her to Heaven Beneath the Stone Who Wants to Live Forever? The Valley of Dry Bones	Slow Train to Yesterday Thomas Jefferson Against These Three Elizabeth & Leicester	House of Europe Gumbo-Ya-Ya When Johnny Comes Marching Home More Lives Than One	The Practical Cogitator The Wisdom Tree The Garden Dictionary
Highbrow Harriet	Best American Short Stories The Far Away Music Swing Low. The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith Hunky Johnny Children of the Covenant	Looking for a Bluebird Outside Eden	Bedelia Beneath the Stone	Thomas Jefferson Against These Three Elizabeth & Leicester	Gumbo Ya-Ya One Nation More Lives Than One Where Do People Take Their Troubles?	The Practical Cogitator The Wisdom Tree
Best Seller Fan	Jennifer's House The Far Away Music The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith The Birth of Mischief	Looking for a Bluebird Outside Eden Suds in Your Eye High Time Country Mouse	Leave Her to Heaven	Thomas Jefferson Against These Three	Gumbo Ya-Ya The Great Answer	The Practical Cogitator
Ivory Tower Tenant	Portrait of a Lady My Antonia Mirror for Witches U.S.A. Tale of Genji	Their Wedding Journey Marjorie Daw	Midnight on the 31st of March Number One Elsie Venner	Patterns of Culture Mont St. Michel and Chartres Maritime History of Massachusetts Audubon's America	Looking Backward Mein Kampf	Selected Works of Thoreau (Canby) Selected Works of MacLeish Road to Xanadu
Lending Library Liz	Private Adventure of Captain Shaw Jennifer's House The Birth of Mischief The World, the Flesh and Father Smith Hurry Home to My Heart Hunky Johnny Red Fruit	Outside Eden Suds in Your Eye High Time Country Mouse	Leave Her to Heaven Bedelia	Elizabeth & Leicester	Where Do People Take Their Troubles? The Great Answer	Mrs. Appleyard's Kitchen
Radio Readers	Paddle to the Sea The House of Seven Gables Johnny Tremaine	Peterkin Papers Tales From Uncle Remus	Smoke Jumper Adventures of Richard Hanney Adventurers All	Tree in the Trail A Picture History of Britain The Story of a Bad Boy Two Years Before the Mast Log of a Cowboy	The Moved-Outers Sky Highways	A Natural History of Birds Anthology of Children's Literature Field Guide to Birds
Man of 1960	Pecos Bill Don Coyote The Little House Jack Tales	Anybody at Home? Feed the Animals Where's My Baby? The Little Red Hen	Katie and the Big Snow The Big Fire	Little History of the United States	Ilenka Little Georg What Makes it Tick?	Prayer for Little Things Very Young Verses Anthology of Children's Literature

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naturally, and Mr. Shapiro himself makes an apologetic note of this; and, as he also points out, he has had perforce to limit himself somewhat to such poets as afford him examples of those faults which he wants to list and analyze. Just the same, his preoccupations and predilections must necessarily become apparent, and with these a gradual if not always wholly explicit sense of his values. In this implied hierarchy Hart Crane looks decidedly too large, and so perhaps do Spender, MacNeice, Barker, MacLeish and Williams. Is it presumptuous to suggest that, with the exception of the last-mentioned, this largeness might be, for Mr. Shapiro, a part of the mere accident of their nearness to him in time? Mr. Shapiro was born in 1913, the year before the famous but now forgotten *Blast* dinner, and *Vortex*, and the Imagists: Amy Lowell was about to descend on the Poetry Bookshop in London, to frighten the wits out of Harold Monro and Rupert Brooke and the Georgians; W. H. Davies was shortly to buy and read two newspapers a day, in order to follow the war, despite their being, as he put it, "so dreadfully literal"; "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" had been carried by the present reviewer to London, there to be refused with outspoken horror by Monro, for *Poetry and Drama*, and Austin Harrison, for the *English Review*, and then to be given an official stamp of delighted approval by Ezra Pound; Frost's first two books were being published in England, so that he too, like Eliot, was being given an English visa for travel in America; and, in America, Robinson was about to write *The Man Against the Sky*, Vachel Lindsay, *The Congo*, and Masters, *The Spoon River Anthology*. The battle between *vers libre* and "formal" poetry was fiercely under way, with a threshing out of perceptions and values which has influenced everything written since: the battle itself won by neither *vers libre* nor formalism, and ending, not with a bang but a whimper, in *Prufrock* and *Gerontion*, and, a little later, in Wallace Stevens' *Harmonium*. Of all this one gathers practically nothing at all from Mr. Shapiro, except in an aside, when, speaking of Yeats's statement that the last half-century had produced more fine poetry than any other generation since 1630, he dismisses the suggestion as palpably untrue. And in fact, this is really his theme —he has set himself to show that the poetry of our time is, with a few momentary exceptions, artless, decadent and confused: without belief, without vision or imagination, and without any trained sense of form.

Well, many of these things are incidentally true, and Mr. Shapiro's analysis of corrupting tendencies, and his critical examinations of individual poets, are always interesting and sometimes acute; but one begins to wonder whether his taste is as catholic as it should be, and whether he doesn't too often miss the wood for the trees. The truth is that these forty years have provided a quite extraordinary rankness and richness and variety of poetic invention, with an immense range—perhaps as great as any to be found in English poetry—of temper, form and diction. It would have to be, of course, an almost unimaginably catholic critic who could like it all—or would it?—but also it would seem impossible not to be astonished and delighted by its profusion and brilliance. Mr. Shapiro is perhaps too near his own end of it to see it as a fantastically enmeshed organic whole, too much himself an end-product of the machine to see it quite without *parti pris*. It seems a little limiting and limited and pedantic to accept only Joyce and Eliot as first-rate prosodists of our time—this, and other remarks, make one wonder just how sensitive and perceptive a judge of prosody Mr. Shapiro may be. And what of the omissions? It is refreshing to see justice done to Bridges, but where is that real giant, Thomas Hardy? And even if Mr. Shapiro does apologize for their absence, Frost, and more especially Stevens, the most neglected great poet of our time, together constitute a gap that comes close to discrediting Mr. Shapiro's sense of proportion entirely. Similarly, too, it strikes one as very odd indeed that if Saintsbury and Lanier are mentioned and discussed, there should be no reference whatever to I. A. Richards' *Principles of Literary Criticism*—a book which is itself one of the critical watersheds of the century.

But these are objections which can only, as it were, begin by positing the excellence and logical completeness and in general the thoroughness of Mr. Shapiro's poem. His "attack" is, one dares to use the word, masterly. As for the poem itself, and the prosody, if one finds it sometimes *too* near the prose level, and certainly oftener pedestrian than equestrian, and if it far too seldom delights the ear, nevertheless it is very cunningly calculated for its purpose: and it is questionable whether, by tightening and formalizing it further, more might not have been lost than gained. Let us be properly grateful to Mr. Shapiro. He has put himself in an enviable and dangerous position, at the head of his generation.

CONRAD AIKEN

The World of William March

Trial Balance: The Collected Short Stories of William March. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 506 pages. $3.50.

THERE IS a special reputation reserved today for a sort of writer who in the nineteenth century might never have published his fantasies or who, if he had, would have seemed hardly concerned with literature. He is the writer who is instinctively unable to report the surface life of his time and whose natural element is what Gissing, I think it was, called "the dark underside" of human nature. It was the conventional assumption of the Victorians that the depths of human nature are tortured and unpleasant. They had pressing reasons to feel so, for the strict propriety of their public life could only be preserved at the cost of a rich private turmoil. Their writers whom we now tend to glorify were amazing oddities who were aware of this rich confusion and able to exploit it in various acceptable disguises: Melville interpreting the human absorption with the sea in terms of popular adventure; Lewis Carroll marketing a stark nightmare by calling it child's play; most of all, Dickens taking the curse off the unconscious by kidding it in exaggeration, an exaggeration that everybody deplored as crude, though he exaggerated traits that only he would have dared to recognize in life as quintessential. Those writers absorbed by the same depths, but unable to make as forceful a sleight of mind—Emily Dickinson and Manley Hopkins, say—did not publish, for they too must have thought their writing embarrassingly unlike what lay around in every drawing-room as "literature." Today, since there is a wider range of markets than ever before in literary his-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Paul Hughes

A novel of epic proportions built around a vast, bloody military operation — the third battle for Changsha. Through the personal and poignant reactions of the men who fight, their women, and the people of Changsha, the whole magnificent panorama is brought to life. Like *War and Peace, Challenge at Changsha* will not soon be dated, for it is not a military record but a rich tapestry woven from the human substance of history. $2.50

THE SMALL GENERAL

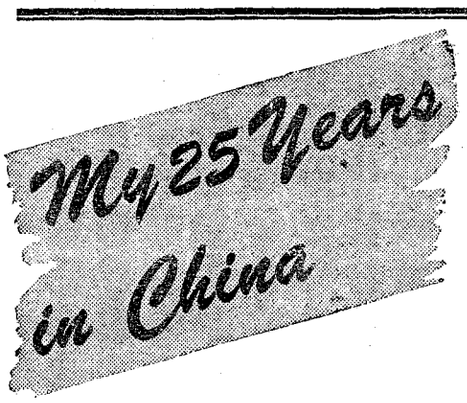
By ROBERT STANDISH

A rollicking novel of contemporary China. "Offers much as an intimate tapestry of Chinese life." — *Chicago Daily News.* "By long odds better than anything Standish has done before . . . wholly delightful . . ." — *New York Sun.* $2.50

MY FELICIA

By PAUL DRISCOLL

The story of a beautiful Polish-American girl who was loved by two men: the sensitive rich boy whose ancestors founded the mill in which her immigrant mother worked, and the appealing Irishman involved in politics and rum-running. $2.50



By John B. Powell

Here is J. B. Powell's long-awaited book on China. Reporting civil wars and invasions, kidnapped by bandits, in direct touch with political and economic developments throughout the Far East, imprisoned and tortured by the Japanese, Powell was always in the thick of things. His book is an informed appraisal of contemporary Chinese history. $3.50

Wartime Mission in Spain: 1942-1945

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

The first fully authentic report of our policy in regard to Spain: a personal account of the Ambassador's role in ensuring Spain's neutrality and aid to the Allies. An interesting and significant book. $3.00

Russia and the Western World

By MAX M. LASERSON

An objective answer to a crucial question: what role will the Soviet Union play in world affairs? This dispassionate appraisal of Russia's foreign and domestic policies clarifies many Russian actions which may puzzle us today. $2.50

At all bookstores THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory, they would be published, in odd places, and they would in their day share the kind of fame that is generally accorded William March.

His reputation is the rather bleak one of being a minor connoisseur of morbidity. The people who so rate him willingly describe him as a "distinguished" writer of short stories, as if to exorcise at little cost the harm his wider recognition might do to the comfort of more popular standards. His plots and people are no more morbid than those of Dickens, but Dickens waved the wand of his comic imagination so wildly, and so generously popped the candy of his sentimental sermons into the gaping mouths of the audience he had charmed, that his admirers were willingly blinded to the very raw material he was handling—the murders, seduction, sadism, the thievery, extortion, forgery, the drunkenness, child labor and ingrown virginity that were his meat. William March too is a preacher, but his sermons are not, like Dickens', meant to deny, by sentimental contradiction, the ruthlessness of his observation. They actually insist on underlining that observation and generalizing, sometimes weakly, from the vivid instance of the story.

This exegesis is sometimes provided by the author; often by the central character's recognizing, implausibly, the spring of his acts ("Album of Familiar Music," "Send in Your Answer," "I Broke My Back on a Rosebud"); occasionally, and at its most labored, by a character created for no other purpose than to demonstrate to the other characters (and so unsubtly to the reader) the psychological significance of the tale ("Dirty Emma," and the appalling Mrs. Kent, who succeeds in ruining "Not Worthy of a Wentworth," though not even she can suffocate the joyousness of "The Borax Bottle").

To the admirer of March, this is a serious technical flaw, souring the delicacy of his sympathy, taking too flourishing a bow for a satirical performance that is its own reward. But it gives his critics a handy reason to complain of the pathology of his material. Their objections surely go deeper, for Americans have responded without any such squeamishness to native writers who have a far more compulsive attraction to morbidity. The nineteenth century took with gusto to Poe and Bierce, and we do not resent, as such, the impotent heroes of Hemingway, the euphoric and embittered bums of Steinbeck and Saroyan, the flat, glib decadence of James M. Cain, or even the unrelieved psychopaths of Faulkner and Caldwell. Why, then, protest at March's girls in subways, park-bench sitters, nurses, middle-class husbands, shoe salesmen? It is precisely because we might easily be they, because he does not write about emotional disturbance as if it were rooted only in characters that may be instantly recognized as insane, or in milieus that may be accepted as genre. We can give ourselves without misgiving to Poe, for anything may be expected of ruined houses and opium addicts. We offer a wealth of liberal pity to Steinbeck's Okies, for book-readers are hardly likely to share their way of life. But almost anybody can be a father in a badly paid job, a husband with a nagging wife, a traveling salesman subject to bad news via Western Union. March is able quickly to enlist the sympathy of his readers in people as ordinary as themselves, and asks them to follow him when he proceeds to track down the secret springs of their behavior. Then the sudden fear that our own motives may lie as deep, and be as willfully irrational, is the cue for the unsure reader (especially for the intellectual) to deny his now angry identification, which might after all land him in some of the pitiable crises that confront so many of March's characters.

It is true that March has his share of the demonstrably insane (such a story as "Mist on the Meadow" might be right out of Poe). Yet his genius is best revealed, not in his studies of outright psychosis ("The Shoe Drummer" or "Cinderella's Slipper") but in his deep and tender understanding of what Erich Fromm has called "the pathology of the normal." And his art is so direct, so persuasive, and its symbols so familiar, that the reader unwittingly recognizes his own world and becomes gladly part of it, until the line between it and pathology is seen to be disturbingly thin. Not many men are grateful for being asked to consider a whole series of human tragedies where but for the grace of God, or the comforts of Mammon, go they. The audience for tragedy, when its subjects are contemporary, is greatly overestimated.

This echo of the Greek prescription for tragedy is not accidental. March's writing is classic in its undistracted realism, its bareness, its freedom from salable amenities. And this too may make it forbidding, for he is wholly free from certain fashionable vulgarities: from salaciousness, regionalism, humanitarianism. These current trappings are worth taking one at a time.

Colorful salaciousness. March has an extraordinarily unmodern acceptance of the sins of the flesh. One has the feeling with many modern writers that they are teasing themselves to attain in print an audacity, or a sensuous gallantry, they cannot come by in bed. From the evidence of the best-seller lists, this dissatisfaction must be alarmingly widespread, for to a reader whose appetites are enjoyed in kind, nothing is more tedious and delaying than adjectival descriptions of a rich meal, a daring seduction. March is concerned with the emotions that precede or surround the event. But he is a big boy, free from the itch to peek, devoid of the ambition of many fine writers who fantasize through their characters the conquests their dowdiness, their respectability or love of comfort will not permit them in life.

Evangelical regionalism. At least half of March's work is about the fictional town of Reedyville, which even a devoted reader might hardly discover is in Alabama. Few American writers are so unerringly accurate in the sense of their region—its folkways, vegetation, food, dialects, social equations—yet no writer is less "regional." Small-town life of the Deep South happens to be what he knows best, but Alabama is unlikely to crown him with laurel, for it becomes in his work a local habitation for many moods of the human spirit, and in his masterpiece, *The Looking Glass* (which I might gratuitously suggest is one of the half-dozen finest novels of our time), it is a microcosm of the universal. A Russian, or a Frenchman, or an Englishman, might in Reedyville recognize the spiritual anatomies of his neighbors, where Gopher Prairie or Cannery Row would appall or fascinate him.

Liberal humanitarianism, that is—the urge to be timely. March has been quite indifferent to contemporary idealism, so that it is almost a shock to read (in "Personal Letter") a contribution to anti-Nazi literature, written, by the way,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The *pros* and *cons* of the literary controversy of the day

THE QUESTION OF HENRY JAMES

A COLLECTION OF CRITICAL ESSAYS

Edited by F. W. DUPEE

AN OUTSTANDING volume of 26 of the best critical essays on the merits of Henry James, climaxing 60 years of debate on the subject. Not all the essays are favorable. They range from merciless parodies of his style to the high praise of the men responsible for today's unprecedented interest in his novels and stories. "Recommended as the most useful single book on a major American writer whose work is now being republished and reappraised."—*Library Journal*

Among the critics represented: *Max Beerbohm, Joseph Conrad, Van Wyck Brooks, Edmund Wilson, T. S. Eliot, Philip Rahv, Andre Gide,* and 19 others.

302 pages, with index and bibliography of critical papers on James, $3.75

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

Illustrated with 34 full-page drawings

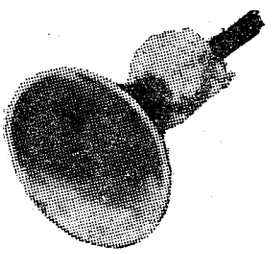
A RIBBON AND A STAR

THE THIRD MARINES AT BOUGAINVILLE

Text by JOHN MONKS, JR., co-author of Brother Rat

Illustrations by JOHN FALTER, famous cover artist of the Saturday Evening Post

A tough, direct, personal account of the historic Marine victory by a participant in the battle. $2.75



"Brilliant . . . A lesson for Americans to ponder."

—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

TIN HORNS AND CALICO

By HENRY CHRISTMAN

Introduction by CARL CARMER

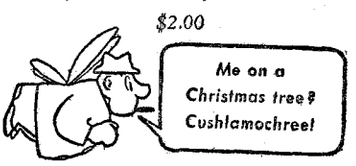
The thrilling story of an unknown American revolution—New York's Tin Horn Rebellion of 100 years ago. "It would be difficult to recommend it too highly."—*Minneapolis Tribune.* *377 pages, illustrated, $3.75*

Make it a *hilarious* Christmas with

BARNABY AND MR. O'MALLEY

By CROCKETT JOHNSON

$2.00



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in 1932. Only once does he return to a similar study of the mass defilement of the human personality, in a merciless satire on American radio ("Send in Your Answers"), and its tone is as unforgiving as the earlier study of Nazi character.

If his work had borrowed some of these familiar pigments, it would have been more pretentious, highly colored and impure. And his international reputation would have been more dashing. As it is, we have a prose style rather old-fashioned in its grave, consequential way, describing in unhurried serenity life as he has known it since the late eighteen nineties. Most of his characters, considered as historical types, appear to be Southerners of the years before and during the First World War (it may be his easy handling of the period vernacular, and his uncertain handling of later idiom, which reinforce this impression).

If I am right in thinking March to be living in advance of his permanent reputation, it cannot be because the life and manners of his characters are not of our day. They are behind it, and even in the period in which he is most at home he rarely gives the sense of "fixing" an era in the brilliantly photographic way that is second nature to O'Hara, Hemingway or Lewis. What he has is an austere power to express a sensibility truly modern in a contemporary setting stripped of the gadgets (the names, habits, speech) as well as the charm, of fashion.

We can come to a rough conclusion by pursuing the last and most chronic of the charges brought against his work by the professional critics. It is that he is too clinical, too obviously a psychiatric-textbook student. This is often true and, as I have suggested, he mars much of his best work by guiding the reader toward a doctrinaire view of character, or motive, where the observation of life is larger than any theory that would try to enclose it. Rather, he shares a perception of human character, a knowledge of why so many human relationships must end in unsought tragedy, with an age to which Freud is the pioneer moral naturalist; that is, with a modern age that is only just born, and a view of life by no means widely acceptable. For it is important to recognize that alongside his delineation of common sickness there goes a complementary awareness of health ("A Memorial to the Slain," "Woolen Drawers," the fresh delight of "The Borax Bottle," and the exquisite "She Talks Good Now"). If he attributes this emotional health often to social outcasts (the two Shakespearean whores in *The Looking Glass)* and illiterate Negroes (Lula in "She Talks Good Now"), it may be an excessive desire to see the blessings of irony in those whom the educated and the superior pity.

He can be protesting, and inept, and sometimes his satire is obvious. Yet his best work—at least half of these fifty-five stories and the whole of the incomparable *Looking Glass*—reflect the alternate play of two qualities that Anatole France perceived in fiction that is to be classic—pity and irony. There is little enough of it around for those of us who value this prescription to see in William March not so much an American classic as a classic modern, who happens to be an American, and who therefore—in a time when literary chauvinism keeps pace with the ferocious nationalism of world politics—is understandably the most underrated of all contemporary American writers of fiction.

ALISTAIR COOKE

Mrs. Woolf's Novels

Virginia Woolf, Her Art as a Novelist, by Joan Bennett. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 150 pages. $2.

MRS. BENNETT has written a modest and interesting little volume, with very generous quotations from Virginia Woolf's own writings, so that we have, in addition to a sympathetic account of her work, almost an anthology of it. Mrs. Woolf's novels are good material for an anthology, and Mrs. Bennett's quotations make us enjoy again the flavor of that highly personal style, eager, radiant and sad, which was so unmistakable even when it appeared anonymously in the London *Times* Literary Supplement.

For Mrs. Woolf was always asking the same question, whether she was writing literary criticism or sketches or novels, and the question created its own rhythm, its own cadence. "Life? What is it?" was her constant lyric cry, a question that was never explicitly answered but only asked again and again in terms of whatever subject she was dealing with. "In her own mind," she writes of Mrs. Dalloway, "what did it mean to her, this thing called Life? Oh, it was very queer. Here was So-and-So in South Kensington: someone up in Bayswater: and somebody else, say, in Mayfair. And she felt quite continuously a sense of their existence; and she felt what a waste; and she felt what a pity; and she felt if only they could be brought together; and so she did it."

Mrs. Dalloway brought those people together through her parties; Mrs. Woolf brought them together through her novels. She used all kinds of devices to give them a setting, to make them cohere. Her characters are isolated, or rather through isolation temporarily united, in various environments of space or time: in a ship, as in *The Voyage Out*, or on an island in the Hebrides, as in *To the Lighthouse;* they meet in the course of a single day, as in *Mrs. Dalloway*, they move through a generation, as in *The Years*, or a single character moves through centuries, as in *Orlando.* They are woven into a six-part counterpoint in *The Waves*, they act and feel against a pageant of English history in *Between the Acts.* But the setting, or the frame, however ingeniously contrived, does not give any final answer to that lyric cry, "What is it, this thing called life?" It is only temporary, something made for the artistic occasion; it involves nothing permanent. In her novels the frame, the device, is never a structure, as such things are in Henry James.

Mrs. Woolf once described life as a "luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end"; it was the business of the novelist, she said, to see this, and to describe it, not to rearrange life in an artificial order, in a "series of gig-lamps." So she described it in the manner of a pointillist-painter; a detail here, a detail there, the moment of life on the crest of the breaking wave, the shape of a cloud, the memory of flowers in a garden, a pair of old shoes. If we compare Mrs. Woolf's work with that of a single painter, the first painter we think of is Monet; if we make the same comparison with regard to the work of E. M. Forster, we thing of Manet, a greater artist, with more depth, edge and incisiveness. Forster has more to say about life than merely to ask questions of it; there is more authority to his point of view. He makes sharper contrasts, based on moral judgments, than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIVE THE BOOKS YOU'D LIKE TO GET

THE AGE OF JACKSON
by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

Marquis James, Pulitzer Prize biographer of Andrew Jackson: "He has set a landmark in American historical literature . . . The book has depth, clarity and ease—and its people live. Many will understand better the causes that engendered, the forces that sustained and the aims that triumphed under the aegis of a leader who has lately left us and whose mark on American life is so like that of Jackson."

SEVENTH PRINTING • $5.00

The Story of the SECOND WORLD WAR

Edited by Henry Steele Commager. A series of vignettes, descriptions, analyses and historic statements by men and women who participated in or observed the war, all bound together with a general historical narrative by the Editor. *With frontispiece and maps.* $3.00

I SAW THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE *by Ella Winter*

Ella Winter went back to Russia to learn what had happened to daily life in the Soviet Union. The result is a warm-hearted introduction to the Soviet citizens and an exciting account of one woman's experiences in the homes, farms, shops, the theaters, courts, and schools, of the country which gave so much strength to defeat our enemy. $3.00

ROAD TO REACTION* *by Herman Finer*

Give the conservative friend who made *you* read Hayek's *Road to Serfdom* this brilliant exposé of Hayek's political and historical fallacies. In it, a distinguished political scientist points out the dangers in the attitude of those who welcome Hayek as the prophet of "free enterprise." $2.00

DILEMMA IN JAPAN *by Andrew Roth*

". . . grounded on facts . . . the result of logical thinking. He represents the younger school of American experts who are not blinded . . . by myths which even the Japanese do not believe."—Owen Lattimore. $2.50

New Fiction by Major Novelists

REPENT IN HASTE
by John P. Marquand
$1.50

WHERE MY LOVE SLEEPS*
by Clifford Dowdey
$2.50

THE HIGH BARBAREE*
by Charles Nordhoff
and *James Norman Hall*
$2.00

SO WELL REMEMBERED*
by James Hilton
$2.50

COMMODORE HORNBLOWER
by C. S. Forester
$2.50

BEYOND THE SOUND OF GUNS
by Emilie Loring
$2.00

MANY LONG YEARS AGO
by Ogden Nash

Containing chiefly poems from earlier books now out of print, this volume, with I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF and GOOD INTENTIONS, represents Mr. Nash's collected verse as of today. $2.50

At all bookstores ***Atlantic Monthly Press Books*

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Woolf does; his work is a criticism of life, in Arnold's sense of the word, as well as a description of it, and though the violent action he describes in his novels can switch into melodrama rather than grow into the tragedy he is aiming for, nevertheless he is a firmer, a deeper, writer than Mrs. Woolf because he seeks that definition of right action upon which a tragic view of life greatly depends. Life to him is more than a luminous halo or a transparent envelope. It is a series of crises.

There are few crises in the novels of Virginia Woolf; she deliberately avoids them. When they occur, they take place (with one or two exceptions) offstage. In *To the Lighthouse*, for example, we learn of the death of Mrs. Ramsay, a character she has made us admire and love, in a parenthesis, as merely one of the casual happenings that result from the passing of time. We have seen Mrs. Ramsay glowing in summer sunlight and we have been moved by her relationships to other people, her masteries and failures; but suddenly she becomes only a detail, something insignificant, like the leaves moved by the wind in her own empty house. The crisis, the actual event of her death, is avoided.

For Mrs. Woolf was not interested in events for their own sake; actually, happenings were not as important to her as the effect they had on a sensitive consciousness, a consciousness aware, like her own, of the flux of successive moments, that made life—except in terms of those fugitive moments—so impossible to capture or define.

Occasionally, as in her description of Septimus Warren Smith in *Mrs. Dalloway*, or at times in *The Years*, Mrs. Woolf did try to describe a crisis, to be inside the event itself, instead of being inside the mind that was reflecting on the event. But in such situations she was never quite happy; her gift was lyrical, not dramatic, and though she could describe juxtapositions and contrasts, conflict was beyond her. Her skill, her very great skill, consisted in putting impressions and individuals side by side; she did not create issues, or characters in defense of issues, who would arise to combat.

Her description of life was cutaneous, not visceral. She described, more sensitively than any other English novelist, the radiances of light on the texture of experiences, and being a writer, not a painter, she described the evanescence of those radiances as well as their permanence. In all her writing there is a poignant and delicate tension between recognition of delight in the moment of experience and recognition that the delight is doomed. What is life? What is the doom? What is the delight? How can we reconcile the interplay of the moment and its consequence, so that the moment will illuminate the consequence and the consequence not blast the momentary delight?

Her novels put that question in concrete terms, and in the last of them, *Between the Acts* (to which Mrs. Bennett rightly devotes careful attention), she had the best idea of her life: a group of people in a country house gather for the presentation of a pageant representing the history of England; their individual lives and feelings in the present are seen against the tapestry of the temporarily recreated past; we have the moment and the flux, the observable detail in space, and the consciousness of irrevocable time. But the book is still only a lyric, not a drama, the characters are without passion, and the pageant of the past is a prophecy of disaster. As we read, we hear the sound of the axe at the cherry trees, and the intruding Mrs. Manresa, with her expensive car and her foreign name, is an obvious reminder of Lopakhin.

For Mrs. Woolf's novels represent the end of a tradition. Their refinement, their sensitivity, their tremulous and anguished perceptiveness, belong, like the pageant in *Between the Acts*, to the past, not to the present. There is now no way of following that tradition without becoming precious or stepping beyond the edge of sanity. But in Mrs. Woolf's own work, the tradition is still neither precious nor beyond the edge, and her scrupulous and delicate perceptions can still illuminate our own attempts to answer her perennial question.

THEODORE SPENCER

The History of Mr. Russell

The Philosophy of Bertrand Russell (The Library of Living Philosophers), edited by P. A. Schilpp. Evanston, Ill: Northwestern University Press. 831 pages. $6.
A History of Western Philosophy, by Bertrand Russell. New York: Simon and Schuster. 918 pages. $5.

ALMOST EVERY great contemporary thinker with a taste for controversy seems to have discussed, engaged and criticized Russell at some time. His opponents have usually been in the right in what they intended, though rarely in what they said. The positions which Russell assumed were usually as untenable as the arguments his opponents advanced. With a few exceptions, Russell soon came to see that he was wrong. Almost immediately after a skillful defense of a characteristically paradoxical thesis, he would abandon it, sometimes for the very position he had attacked. Occasionally he has—and this is remarkable in a philosopher—been convinced by his opponents. More often, however, he seems to have changed his view because he saw a logical flaw in it. A position for him, apparently, is to be maintained only so far as it is, and because it is, expressible in cogent, logical terms.

Rarely contradicting himself on any given occasion, Bertrand Russell, internationally known logician, philosopher, liberal, has contradicted himself again and again over the years. With equal vigor and sincerity he has attacked and defended empiricism, platonism, nominalism, psychologism, hedonism, subjectivism and inductive logic. He has both approved and disapproved of conventions, pacifism, philosophy, religion, man's interest in man and his faith in the value of mathematics. Apart from confidence in the power of a method of analysis, Russell is the best illustration of one of his own contentions: that a man is nought but a series of distinct and separate events.

One turns to the *Philosophy of Bertrand Russell* with the justifiable expectation that one will get better grasp of Russell's philosophy as a whole, will see a little better what he intends on some crucial issues and will achieve a better insight into the reasons for his shifts in doctrine. The volume offers twenty-one descriptive and critical essays by professional philosophers who together deal with some dozen different important phases of Russell's thought. The essays provide careful technical accounts and criticisms of his logic, his theory of knowledge, his atomism, his theory of education and his philosophy of history. But only one paper, that of Morris Weitz, provides anything like a clue to Russell's thought over the years, and then only so far as that thought

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All Hits – All HARPER'S

Aldous Huxley

THE PERENNIAL PHILOSOPHY

In this profound and memorable book the author of *Time Must Have a Stop* and *Ends and Means* has drawn upon the wisdom of the ages to find a common denominator of a faith for today. "... even an agnostic can read this book with joy ... perhaps Mr. Huxley has written the most needed book in the world."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.00

Louis Adamic

A NATION OF NATIONS

The colorful story of the various national groups which make up the United States, showing how each has helped to make our country great. A new and exciting kind of history which for the first time rounds out the story of America and brings these groups into proper focus. *16 pages of photographs.* $3.50

E. B. White

STUART LITTLE

"STUART LITTLE is a dream book. Children will go off to sleep dreaming of its minute hero, and parents who have reread it aloud for the *n*th time will still chortle as they find new glints of E. B. White's matchless humor which they overlooked in keeping pace with the adventure."—Edward Weeks, *Atlantic Monthly.*

With 87 drawings by Garth Williams. $2.00

At All Bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

KITCHEN FUGUE

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

"A ragout of recipes for eating and thinking; a splendid casserole, harmoniously integrated."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $2.75

BOLTS OF MELODY

NEW POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON

Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham. *With 10 pages of facsimile poems.* $3.00

ANCESTORS' BROCADES

By MILLICENT TODD BINGHAM

The Literary Début of Emily Dickinson. *With 10 pages of photographs.* $3.75

Boxed with *Bolts of Melody.* $6.75

GERMANY IS OUR PROBLEM

By HENRY MORGENTHAU, Jr.

"No book since *Mein Kampf* has offered the American people information so important to their survival."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $2.00

THE LIFE OF THE HEART

GEORGE SAND AND HER TIMES

By FRANCES WINWAR

"No more readable book has appeared this season ... a human story of ageless quality."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* *Illustrated.* $3.00

YEARS OF VICTORY

1802-1812

By ARTHUR BRYANT

"A remarkable history of England's participation in the Napoleonic wars ... a fine and stirring book."—*N. Y. Times.* *With maps.* $4.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can be defined as an exercise in logical analysis. The autobiography, introducing the volume, is overly brief, telling us little that we did not already know. Russell's answer to his critics—the excuse for the volume—is exceptionally gentle and surprisingly unhelpful. We are left at the end more or less where we were before. The most valuable part of the work for the general reader is its splendid index and its almost perfect bibliography of Russell's thirty-odd books and hundreds of articles.

A History of Western Philosophy is a more important, though not actually an important, work, both because and despite the fact that it is less technical and philosophical. It is a big book, hard to classify, with unusual virtues and unusual vices, most of it being negligible for the scholar yet somewhat above the capacity of the public.

The book is the work of an urbane, civilized, intelligent, sensitive man, what one might expect from a disciplined eighteenth-century wit, from a Greek sophist with a knowledge of modern formal logic. It looks at each man without reverence, as though he were a contemporary; it looks at his ideas, conclusions and effects from the perspective of logic and good common sense. It is charged with a keen feeling for moral even more than for logical faults. Some of its more novel evaluations are sounder than those that have been widely held, but some of them are wide of the mark, unwarranted and unjustified. It is a pleasing and irritating, a stimulating, perplexing book.

Russell's history has the great merit of attempting to relate philosophers to the political and social circumstances of their day and to the times they influence. It finds room to discuss the influence of Sparta, the religious development of the Jews, the rise and decline of the Papacy, and the romantic movement. This is all to the good. In fact, one of the drawbacks of the book is that it does not carry out this part of its program as far as and as well as it might. Much more general history could have been included and related to the philosophers discussed. Russell also relies too much and without sufficient acknowledgment on secondary and tertiary sources such as the *Britannica*, the *Cambridge History*, Gibbon and Ueberweg. There are too many sections which read like a text and yet lack the merit of being sound. There is a splendid index, but no bibliography and very few references.

Russell rightly refuses to discuss only those thinkers who have made technical contributions to philosophic thought. He spends considerable time with those who have had the greatest influence, regardless of their intellectual caliber. His history is one of the few which takes account of such important figures as John the Scot, Gregory the Great and Byron. But in compensation, there isn't a single reference in the whole nine hundred pages to Bruno, Adam Smith, Friedrich Schiller, Kierkegaard, Comte, Herbert Spencer, Freud or Croce. He doesn't discuss Philo, Bonaventura, Maimonides, Loyola, J. S. Mill, Santayana or Whitehead. The book contains a chapter on Aquinas but does not deal with his *Summa Theologica*. It has a chapter on Kant but does not discuss his *Critique of Practical Reason* or his *Critique of Judgment*. It has a chapter on Hegel but doesn't treat of his *Phenomenology of Mind*. It ignores the whole history of esthetics; it does not examine the mystics. One would hardly know from the book that there was any science other than physics or astronomy. The contributions of chemistry, geology and anthropology play no role in Russell's history, although he has nothing but praise for scientific method and looks to it for all definite knowledge.

The discussions of Leibnitz and Bergson are excellent. The treatment of Locke, in particular, is unusually good. It would be hard to find a better. But it would also be hard to find a more incompetent account than Russell's presentation of the philosophies of Parmenides and Kant, or of the metaphysics of Plato, Aristotle and Hegel. Where philosophers become profound and where help is most needed, there Russell is unsatisfactory. He is excellent where truth is near the surface and a logical, honest mind can lay it bare.

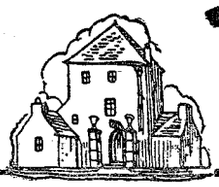
The book abounds in epigrams and neat summaries: "Theology generates a kind of impertinent insolence towards the universe." . . . "To teach how to live without certainty, and yet without being paralyzed by hesitation, is perhaps the chief thing that philosophy in our age can still do." . . . "A stupid man's report of what a clever man says is never accurate, because he unconsciously translates what he hears into something that he can understand. I would rather be reported by my bitterest enemy among philosophers than by a friend innocent of philosophy." . . . "The problem of finding a collection of wise men and leaving the government to them is an insoluble one. That is the ultimate reason for democracy." . . . "All movements tend to ossify; no one could infer the principles of Jefferson from those of the DAR." . . . "So long as national states exist and fight each other, only inefficiency can preserve the human race." . . . "Nietzsche's superman is very much like Siegfried, except that he knows Greek." These are but a few of the many neat, and sometimes shrewd and wise, remarks to be found along the way. Unfortunately, on the very same page one can also sometimes find statements that are quite irresponsible.

It is interesting to see what a fresh and bold mind can do with the history of philosophy. As might have been expected, it brings to light little that is new or important. One who has already mastered a good history of philosophy, or who, away from most history, has pondered hard and long on some of the fundamental problems of existence, may, however, profit from Russell's direct and invigorating assessment of men whom history has treated either with too much reverence or too much venom. For one unsure of his ground, who is seeking a solid base in fact, or an insight into the deeper mysteries of things, it would be better to begin somewhere else and move at a different pace.

Nothing that Bertrand Russell does can be ignored. His work is not original, despite its air of novelty. It is not profound. It is, without a doubt, one-sided and sometimes childishly iconoclastic and unreliable. But it does deal with fundamental issues. It is readable, witty, incisive, challenging, paradoxical. It brings into the open what many contemporary thinkers blur or hide, and it does this with a directness and a clarity that force men to deal with the question more fully and fairly. He and his thought have been the center, more often than not, of the more significant intellectual controversies of the day, at the close of which the issues are clearer and the more serious errors exposed. It is not likely that Russell's history will excite a new controversy. In part that is due to the fact that Russell, the historian, is both wiser and more unreliable than most of the Russells that had gone before.

PAUL WEISS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Random House Books

CASS TIMBERLANE

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

➡ The greatest of all his bestsellers! "A devastating, utterly frank commentary on modern marriage." — *Chicago News.* "Never before has he written so well about women."—*Sterling North. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.* $2.75

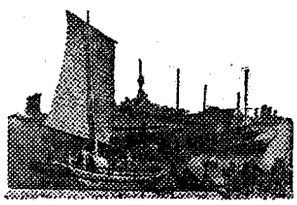
BEACH RED

A novel by PETER BOWMAN

➡ The remarkable tale of a single, tense hour in the life of a soldier invading a Pacific island. "May set a new fashion in the literature of the war."—*John P. Marquand. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.* $2.50

OFFICIALLY DEAD

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS



➡ His most exciting book . . . the breathtaking story of an amazing man, Commander C. D. Smith, the indestructible Naval Commander the Japs couldn't hold. "Every page is an adventure."—*Philadelphia Record.* $2.75

HO, THE FAIR WIND

By I. A. R. WYLIE

➡ A darkly romantic story of the whaling days on Martha's Vineyard . . . a windswept tale of love that defied convention, and of as strange a triangle as has ever appeared in any novel. "Fascinating."—*Virginia Kirkus.* $2.50

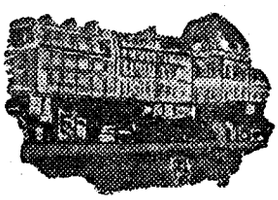
SANTA FE

By JAMES MARSHALL

➡ The breezy, anecdotal story of the railroad that built an empire. A fascinating history of a fabulous period in America's development. Illustrated with 32 pages of photographs and 12 maps. $3.75

BEDSIDE BOOK OF FAMOUS FRENCH STORIES

Edited by BELLE BECKER and ROBERT N. LINSCOTT



➡ A superb anthology of the 23 best French short stories of the past 150 years, including many that have never before appeared in America. Introduction by *Lewis Galantière. A Literary Guild selection.* *427 pages, $3.00*

At bookstores everywhere **RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.** *Publishers of the Modern Library*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notable Books: 1945[1]

Fiction

The Death of Virgil, by Hermann Broch. Translated by Jean Starr Untermeyer. Pantheon. $5.50.
The Power House, by Alex Comfort. Viking. $3.
The Facts of Life, by Paul Goodman. Vanguard. $2.50
The Forest of the South, by Caroline Gordon. Scribner's. $2.50.
Hercules, My Shipmate, by Robert Graves. Creative Age. $3.
The West Window, by L. P. Hartley. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
The Hideout, by Egon Hostovsky. Random. $1.75.
Prater Violet, by Christopher Isherwood. Random. $2.
The Ballad and the Source, by Rosamond Lehmann. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.75.
Cass Timberlane, by Sinclair Lewis. Random. $2.75.
Trial Balance, by William March. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
The Folded Leaf, by William Maxwell. Harper. $2.50.
The Inquest, by Robert Neumann. Dutton. $2.50.
Fireman Flower and Other Stories, by William Sansom. Vanguard. $2.50.
Rickshaw Boy, by Lau Shaw. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.75.
Song of the Dnieper, by Zalman Shneour. Roy. $3.
Days and Nights, by Konstantine Simonov. Simon and Schuster. $2.75.
Apartment in Athens, by Glenway Wescott. Harper. $2.50.

Biography and Memoirs

A. Woollcott: His Life and His World, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.50.
The Young Jefferson, by Claude G. Bowers. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.
The Way of An Investigator, by Walter B. Cannon. Norton. $3.
Enrico Caruso, by Dorothy Caruso. Simon and Schuster. $3.
The Crack-Up, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by Edmund Wilson. New Directions. $3.50.
South America Called Them, by Victor W. von Hagen. Knopf. $3.75.
Diplomat in Carpet Slippers, by Jay Monaghan. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.
Fighting Liberal, by George W. Norris. Macmillan. $3.50.
Tolstoy and His Wife, by Tikhon Polner. Norton. $2.75.
The Profane Virtues, by Peter Quennell. Viking. $3.
The Middle Span: Persons and Places, Vol. II, by George Santayana. Scribner's. $2.50.
Maiden Voyage, by Denton Welch. Fischer. $2.75.
Black Boy, by Richard Wright. Harper. $2.50.

Poetry, Criticism and Belles Lettres

The Collected Poetry of W. H. Auden. Random. $3.75.
Virginia Woolf, Her Art as a Novelist, by Joan Bennett. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
The Unquiet Grave, by Cyril Connolly. Harper. $2.50.
Mozart: His Character, His Work, by Alfred Einstein. Oxford. $5.
The League of Frightened Philistines, by James T. Farrell. Vanguard. $2.75.
The Use of the Drama, by Harley Granville-Barker. Princeton. $1.50.
Little Friend, Little Friend, by Randall Jarrell. Dial. $2.
Short Is The Time, by C. Day Lewis. Oxford. $2.25.
Springboard: Poems 1941-1944, by Louis MacNeice. Random. $1.75.
The American Language: Supplement One, by H. L. Mencken. Knopf. $5.
Rains (Pluies), by St. John Perse. Translated by Denis Devlin. Sewanee Review. $2.50.
Selected Poems, by John Crowe Ransom. Knopf. $2.
Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke, 1892-1910. Translated by Jane Bannard Greene and M. D. Herter Norton. Norton. $3.50.
Essay on Rime, by Karl Shapiro. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.
The Winter Sea, by Allen Tate. Cummington. $5.
The Musical Scene, by Virgil Thomson. Knopf. $3.
Beethoven, by D. F. Tovey. Oxford. $3.
Essays in Musical Analysis, by D. F. Tovey. Oxford. $4.
The War Poets, edited by Oscar Williams. John Day. $5.
The Wedge, by William Carlos Williams. Cummington. $3.50.

The War and the Peace

A Price for Peace, by Antonin Basch. Columbia. $2.50.
America's Far Eastern Policy, by T. A. Bisson. Macmillan. $3.
The New Veteran, by Charles G. Bolté. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.
Many a Watchful Night, by John Mason Brown. Whittlesey. $2.75.
Report from Red China, by Harrison Forman. Holt. $3.
Surrender on Demand, by Varian Fry. Random. $3.
War Criminals: Their Prosecution and Punishment, by Sheldon Glueck. Knopf. $3.
Europe: Free and United, by Albert Guérard. Stanford. $2.50.
Solution in Asia, by Owen Lattimore. Little, Brown. $2.
These Are the Russians, by Richard E. Lauterbach. Harper. $3.
The Winning of the War in Europe and the Pacific, by George W. Marshall. Simon and Schuster. $1 and $2.50.
Up Front, by Bill Mauldin. Holt. $3.

[1] This list includes only those books received or reviewed before December 1. It does not include the following by, or edited by, members of the *New Republic* editorial staff: *What the Informed Citizen Needs to Know,* edited by Bruce Bliven and A. G. Mezerik. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $3. *Public Journal,* by Max Lerner. Viking. $3. *America's Stake in Britain's Future,* by George Soule. Viking. $2.75. *Aragon: Poet of the French Resistance,* edited by Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SELECTED VIKING BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Spin a Silver Dollar

ALBERTA HANNUM writes of an Indian boy's artistic genius, and of a young couple's adventure in living among the Navahos. "A perfectly delightful American chronicle."—HARRY HANSEN, *World Telegram. 12 full-color illustrations.* $3.75

The Cherokee Strip

MARQUIS JAMES' home-spun story of his Oklahoma boyhood is as American as Mark Twain and as full of earthy legend. "His recollections, to be blunt about it, are superb."—STANLEY WALKER, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.00

Benjamin Franklin's Autobiographical Writings

CARL VAN DOREN lets Franklin tell the whole story of his versatile life by adding to the famous *Autobiography* from Franklin's personal writings. 825 pages $5.00
Boxed with Van Doren's Pulitzer Prize biography of Franklin. 2 vols. $10.00

America's Place in the World

NATHANIEL PEFFER analyzes the three choices that face America in international relations. "Incisive and convincing, he writes with clarity and cogency."—FOSTER RHEA DULLES, *Saturday Review.* $2.75

Stories FROM Far AND Near

LION FEUCHTWANGER gives a "one man show" with a rich cross-section of the tales he has written over the last 20 years. Here is great story-telling from an artist close to the social avalanche of the last two decades. $2.50

Meet Your Ancestors

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, an adventuring scientist, takes us on the exciting hunt for man's ancestral pedigree. "An excellent, readable book for the layman... If you like to have your imagination captured, read it."—*The Dallas News.* *Illustrated* $3.00

20th Anniversary Year

THE VIKING PRESS · At all booksellers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's Place in the World, by Nathaniel Peffer. Viking. $2.75.
Conspiracy in Algiers, by Renée Pierre-Gosset. Nation. $1.
The Secret History of the War, by Waverley Root. Scribner's. $10.
China's Crisis, by Lawrence K. Rosinger. Knopf. $3.
Dilemma in Japan, by Andrew Roth. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Persian Gulf Command, by Joel Sayre. Random. $2.
Atomic Energy for Military Purposes, by Henry D. Smyth. Princeton. $1.25 and $2.
Wars I Have Seen, by Gertrude Stein. Random. $2.50.
The Challenge of Red China, by Gunther Stein. Whittlesey. $3.50.
A Rising Wind, by Walter White. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
American Guerrilla in the Philippines, by Ira Wolfert. Simon and Schuster. $2.75.

History

A Nation of Nations, by Louis Adamic. Harper. $3.50.
Woodrow Wilson and the Great Betrayal, by Thomas A. Bailey. Macmillan. $3.50.
Tin Horns and Calico, by Henry Christman. Holt. $3.75.
Black Metropolis, by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton. Harcourt, Brace. $5.
Representative Bureaucracy, by J. Donald Kingsley. Antioch. $3.50.
England in the Eighteen Eighties, by Helen M. Lynd. Oxford. $4.50.
Puritanism and Democracy, by Ralph Barton Perry. Vanguard. $5.
The Age of Jackson, by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. Little, Brown. $5.
The French Revolution, by J. M. Thompson. Oxford. $5.
Saints and Strangers, by George F. Willison. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.75.

General

Big Democracy, by Paul H. Appleby. Knopf. $2.75.
Full Employment in a Free Society, by Sir William Beveridge. Norton. $3.75.
The Doctor's Job, by Carl Binger, M. D. Norton. $3.
A Preface to Logic, by Morris R. Cohen. Holt. $2.50.
Brazil on the March, by Morris L. Cooke. Whittlesey. $3.
The Road to Reaction, by Herman Finer. Little, Brown. $2.
Can Representative Government Do the Job? by Thomas K. Finletter. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.
Philosophical Understanding and Religious Truth, by Erich Frank. Oxford. $2.50.
Fate and Freedom, by Jerome Frank. Simon and Schuster. $3.
America's Role in the World Economy, by Alvin Hansen. Norton. $2.50.
General Education in a Free Society. Report of the Harvard Committee. Harvard. $2.
Our Inner Conflicts, by Karen Horney. Norton. $3.
The Perennial Philosophy, by Aldous Huxley. Harper. $3.
The Governing of Men, by Alexander H. Leighton. Princeton. $3.75.
The Yogi and the Commissar, by Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $2.75.
Systematic Politics, by Charles E. Merriam. Chicago. $3.75.
Primer for White Folks, edited by Bucklin Moon. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.
The Farmer and the Rest of Us, by Arthur Moore. Little, Brown. $2.50.
A History of Western Philosophy, by Bertrand Russell. Simon and Schuster. $5.
Food or Famine: The Challenge of Erosion, by Ward Shepard. Macmillan. $3.
A Partisan Guide to the Jewish Problem, by Milton Steinberg. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.
The Thurber Carnival, by James Thurber. Harper. $2.75.
Sixty Million Jobs, by Henry Wallace. Reynal and Hitchcock, and Simon and Schuster. $1, and $2.
Freedom Under Planning, by Barbara Wootton. North Carolina. $2.

Not Quite the Real Thing

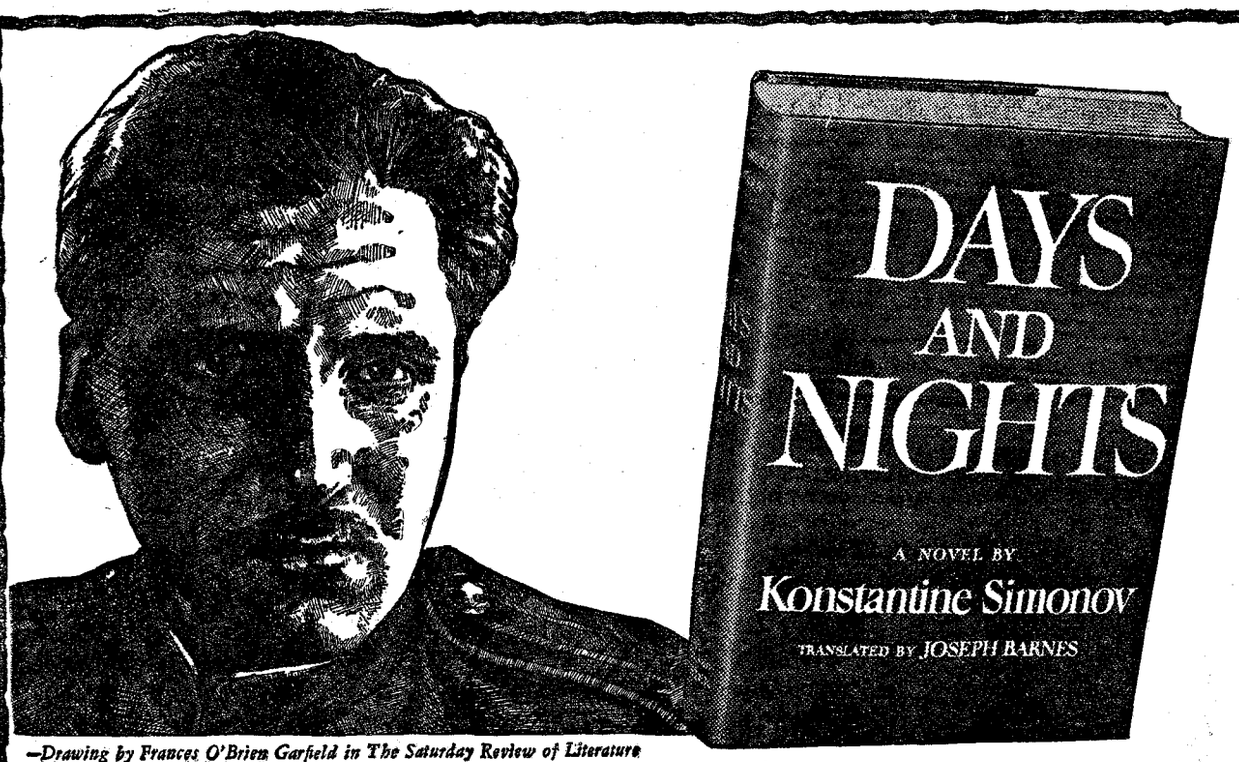
The Short Stories of Henry James, selected and edited, with an Introduction by Clifton Fadiman. New York: Random House. 644 pages. $3.

THE ESSENCE of Henry James's talent lies not in his short stories, nor even in his brilliant *nouvelles*, but in his longer novels. His art was primarily the art of preparation, of gradually building up his inner suspenses to the point where a single moment of revelation, even though it may be only Strether's glimpse of a lady and a gentleman in a boat on the Seine, will come with the shock of great drama. But his skills in the story were also abundant, and the reader can be very grateful that this medium-sized Random House volume has put back into circulation about a fifth of his production in this genre. Mr. Fadiman's selections are fairly representative, though one regrets the omission from James's middle period of "Owen Wingrave," the one story in which he dealt with the theme of militarism, and the complete neglect of James's last book of stories, *The Finer Grain*, the best single collection that he ever issued.

Mr. Fadiman's tone is unassuming, and he makes in passing several discriminating remarks, such as "that, of all nineteenth-century novelists, Balzac and James knew women best—Balzac, the most 'masculine' of men, and James, surely among the least." He is perceptive of James's wit and humor, and speaks out of experience in deploring the standards of journalistic vulgarity that have often interfered with the appreciation of James's art. But in the short span of his introduction and notes, he makes a number of small mistakes and a few serious ones. Since the so-called James revival may easily degenerate into a fad, it may be useful to point out a few of these.

He is a little shaky on James's development. James did not start as "a mediocre imitator of Hawthorne," since even in his first published story he was striving for the realistic technique of Balzac. When James did experiment with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield in The Saturday Review of Literature

INSTANT ACCLAIM

for this breathtaking novel of Stalingrad, by Russia's young hero-reporter-poet,

Konstantine Simonov

"The love story of little Anya and her huge captain is told with such delicacy and grace that one easily understands why the whole battalion fell in love with Anya. No one can read *Days and Nights* without a lift of the spirit and some little accretion of pride in being a man."
—GERALD W. JOHNSON,
New York Times Book Review

"'When a book raises your spirit and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, it is good and made by a good workman.' *Days and Nights* is a good book made by a good workman. It is a touchingly simple love story. And so well has Simonov written his tale that he purveys the gift of hope." —ERNESTINE EVANS,
New York Herald Tribune Book Review

"The finest of the Russian novels to reach us."
—LEWIS GANNETT, *New York Herald Tribune*

"The triumphant success of this book is easy to understand. It is an intense, dramatic, and intimately authentic account of action in one of the most momentous battles of history. It is significant as an expression of Russian emotion about Russia's greatest victory."
—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *The New York Times*

"It is undoubtedly one of the finest modern novels about men and women at war. Threaded through it are the epic heroism of 'War and Peace,' the tender poignancy and sharp reality of 'A Farewell to Arms.' The heroic characters are as honest, as recognizable, and as universal in their own way as Mauldin's Willie and Joe."
—RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH, *The Chicago Sun*

"'Days and Nights' thrills the reader like the rolling drums of Chopin's Funeral March."
—WILLIAM MCFEE, *New York Sun*

AS THESE *reviews show,* **Days and Nights** *is being greeted as the greatest novel to come out of the Soviet Union. In Russia it sold more more than 400,000 copies. It has just been published in the United States, in a splendid translation by Joseph Barnes. The Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen* **Days and Nights** *as its November selection.*

$2.75 AT YOUR BOOKSELLER'S • SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS • NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

devices of allegory, as in "The Last of the Valerii," he is still separated from Hawthorne by the fact that he is also emulating the tightness of Mérimée's style. James's real closeness to Hawthorne (whom, incidentally, Mr. Fadiman would seem to underrate) consists in a spiritual kinship which is more deeply pervasive at the end of his career, in "The Beast in the Jungle" and "The Jolly Corner," than at the beginning.

Still less was the young James "a purveyor of genteel chit-chat," since when his early stories fail, as they often do, it is owing rather to an excessive earnestness that his brother William warned him against, and that made him weigh down his brief form with more details than he yet knew how to develop. It is also misleading to say lightly that James "never had to earn his own living." When he first went to Europe he was helped by his father, but his letters reveal an uneasiness at being a drain on the family purse, and at every subsequent stage of his career we can see him reckoning with the double demands of economic necessity and artistic excellence.

One of the dangers of the present flurry about James is that he is now being praised for the wrong reasons, which will in the end lose him more readers than it will gain him. He did not reflect "upon more ideas in the course of a single waking hour than is the lot of you or me in the course of a year," and he is not, in any accurate use of the term, "a philosophical novelist." Philosophical novels would include such different works as *Wilhelm Meister*, *Moby Dick*, *Middlemarch*, *The Brothers Karamazov* and *The Magic Mountain*. They would also include many heavy and lugubrious attempts to be cosmic which quickly sink out of sight. James was not a thinker; his realm is consciousness and sensibility, not ideas. It seems equally unwise to exaggerate his claims as an "anticipator" of modern psychiatry, since he deals with the superconscious, not with the subconscious, a point on which Gide has been very telling.

The present introducer is more in his element in his off-hand conversational comments at the end of each story, and particularly good on the serious comedy in "The Birthplace" and on the various levels of meaning in a masterpiece like "The Beast in the Jungle." But in at least three of these commentaries he shows up his very imperfect equipment for his present task. To use James's brief satiric sketch of a German pedant in the early "Bundle of Letters" as an excuse for a tirade against the whole German people's "War Against Mankind" may simply be a sign of the times. But James himself would have found it a shocking misrepresentation, since, with all his devotion to the British cause in 1914, his letters show that he never made the mistake of thinking that evil is ever merely external, something belonging solely to our enemies in which we are not implicated.

When Mr. Fadiman writes of "The Great Good Place," that "like *The Pilgrim's Progress* or *The Divine Comedy*," it "is a criticism of a whole culture, though developed on a miniature scale," and adds that to his mind it "is, of the seventeen stories in this collection, the one most densely charged with contemporary application," he makes clear the grounds on which he feels James's chief appeal. To other eyes this would seem one of James's unpleasantly soft stories, with the grave defect that, unlike Bunyan or Dante, for example, it projects its dream of a Utopian realm wholly in terms of the luxury products of this world.

But the distortion that will doubtless gain the widest popularity is that appearing in the note on "The Jolly Corner" as well as in the introduction. Since it is nothing short of an effort to psychoanalyze James, it cannot be refuted briefly. Suffice it to say here that it oversimplifies a current thesis to the extent of seeing in the injury to James's back as a young man "the first large event in his life." That ignores all the evidence of James's autobiographies as to what an "event" consisted in for his inward temperament. Nor did this sacro-iliac strain cause "a permanent disablement," since James slowly, if painfully, regained his strength. But Mr. Fadiman's oversimplification will prove exciting, since it leads into the assumption that this strain rendered James sexually impotent. Before accepting that, it might be well to read the letters from William James to Henry, since William suffered from an even more severe and protracted strain in his back, and discussed with his brother his similar symptoms. Furthermore, since Henry James is one of the most objective of writers, whose work displays none of the specific anxieties or fantasies that are ordinarily traceable to the frustrations of sexual impotence, it is difficult to see what important insight we could gain into his work even if we could prove that assumption. But for the time being it will frequently be made.

Since the aim of this collection was to further James's reputation, it would help if, instead of the inferior likeness now featured in the advertisements, there should be substituted one of the photographs by Alice Boughton or Kathrine McClellan.

F. O. MATTHIESSEN

"... the most effective refutation of the bureaucratic bogey I have read."
—HEINZ EULAU. *The New Republic*

REPRESENTATIVE BUREAUCRACY
An Interpretation of the British Civil Service

By J. DONALD KINGSLEY
Deputy Executive Director, WMC; co-author of "Public Personnel Administration" and "Strategy for Democracy"; Professor of Government in Antioch College.

The Labor Party victory has swung Kingsley's book into the foreground of immediate tactics in the British scene and notably sharpened its relevance for America. Essential to an understanding of the forces shaping present-day democracy. 324 pages. $3.50

THE ANTIOCH PRESS
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Gift List!

CROSS SECTION 1945
A Collection of New American Writing

Edited by Edwin Seaver

Right out of America's lusty new literature is hewn this anthology of unpublished work by 33 young writers. Some, like Richard Wright, you know; others as gifted and challenging appear for the first time in this book . . . as richly-grained, varied, exciting a collection of contemporary writing as has been presented. $3.50

BACK TO LIFE
The Emotional Adjustment of Our Veterans

By Herbert I. Kupper, M.D.

". . . the best to date. Thorough study of a book like this is essential to our knowing how to act when we welcome the veteran home."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* $2.50

SEVEN TIMES THE LEADING MAN
A Novel by Egon Hostovsky

"A powerful, strange story whose demonic terror is as classic as Poe and as contemporary as the torture camps of Himmler."—*Waldo Frank.* "This book discloses a novelist of high achievement."—*Lewis Mumford.* $2.75

HAHNEMANN: MEDICAL REBEL
By Martin Gumpert, M.D.

The turbulent life of the founder of homeopathy who, in civilizing the medical barbarism of his own day, has enriched the science of ours. $3.00

ALL BRAVE SAILORS
The Story of the S. S. Booker T. Washington

By John Beecher

"There's a new book called *All Brave Sailors* which is going to make history."—*Harry Hansen in the N. Y. World-Telegram.* $2.50

L. B. FISHER PUBL. CORP.
381 Fourth Avenue New York 16

ATOMIC ENERGY in WAR and PEACE

By GESSNER G. HAWLEY,
Chief Technical Editor, Reinhold Publishing Corp.

and SIGMUND W. LEIFSON
Head of Dept. of Physics, University of Nevada

The basic principles of atomic energy *can* be understood by any intelligent layman who thinks as he reads. The future welfare of the world requires that everyone be informed about the nature and the possibilities of this new social dynamic. In a democracy, matters of national policy should reflect the will of the people—and this can be expressed intelligently only when it is based on *knowledge.*

This simply worded and logically presented explanation of atomic energy contains *all* the essential scientific facts, with concise descriptions and graphic diagrams. It brushes up elementary physics and chemistry as it goes along. Here are some of the subjects covered: Combustion, explosions, energy transformation, isotopes, neutrons, nuclear fission, and atomic structure. The social and economic implications of atomic energy are discussed, with emphasis on the cost and supply factors.

225 pages • Many illustrations and diagrams • Price $2.50

THE ART OF BUILDING CITIES

By CAMILLO SITTE; *translated from the German by Lt. Charles T. Stewart, USNR, former director, The Urban Land Institute*

A classic in its field, thoroughly modern in its approach to the problem of urban planning. Its first appearance in English will be welcomed by architects and city designers. In addition to the original text, it features a foreword by the noted architect, Eliel Saarinen, and a supplementary chapter by Arthur C. Holden, illustrating applications of Sitte's theories in New York and Washington. Sympathetic in treatment, architecturally sound—above all, practical and constructively modern in its outlook.

Profusely Illustrated. (*Ready January*) $5.50

NEW CITY PATTERNS

By S. E. SANDERS, *Director, City Planning Research, FWA, PBA, Washington, D. C.*

and A. J. RABUCK, *City Planning Research, PBA, Washington, D. C.*

One of the most fascinating and truly enjoyable discussions on city planning, this book is thoroughly practical and realistic. The text is devoted to able discussions of the organization of metropolitan planning commissions and the exact methods to be followed to insure that each new improvement or change shall coincide with a carefully predetermined plan. The authors devote much attention to parks, greenbelts, wedges, playgrounds, community shopping and parking areas; non-stop highways diverting heavy traffic from residential streets.

Profusely Illustrated. (*Ready February*) $7.50

REINHOLD BOOKS
of current interest

THE ELECTRON MICROSCOPE
By E. F. Burton and W. H. Kohl

Ever since the publication of this first book in English on this phenomenal new tool of science, the demand for an enlarged and more up-to-date edition has been increasing. Now in preparation, this will be available early in 1946: many more pictures, amplified text, wider appeal! Full descriptions of amazing recent work in biology, metallurgy, and related fields. 325 pages. Profusely illustrated. $4.00

THE WAR ON CANCER
By Edward Podolsky, M.D.

An excellent presentation for the layman of the causes of cancer and the many ways in which it is being combated: treatment by radio-activity, X-ray, surgery, low temperature and other methods is described; chemical and dietary lines of attack are summarized. 180 pages. Illustrated. $1.75

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE TERRAIN
Maps and Their Use in the Field in Peace and War

By H. A. Musham

For a "map-conscious" world. Sportsmen, hikers, country dwellers in general will find this a fascinating book, opening up new understanding of the countryside. 228 Pages. Illustrated. $3.85

THE PHYSICS OF FLIGHT
By Alfred Landé

Here, in condensed and concise form, are all of the essential principles involved in the flight of heavier-than-air machines. Illustrated with sketches, diagrams, and supplemented with problems, 125 Pages. Illustrated. $2.50

CITIES OF LATIN AMERICA
By Francis Violich

An exceptionally discerning discussion of the cultural heritage of the colorful cities studied, their planning problems, their hopes for future betterment. 241 Pages. Illustrated. $3.50

THE AMAZING PETROLEUM INDUSTRY
By V. A. Kalichevsky

An interesting picture of the world's most important raw material—petroleum. In non-technical language, it tells simply what petroleum is, how it is obtained, what it does. 234 Pages. Illustrated. $2.25

At Your Bookstore or Direct
REINHOLD PUBLISHING CORP.
330 West 42nd Street New York 18, N. Y.
Also publishers of Chemical Engineering Catalog, Metal Industries Catalog, Materials & Methods, formerly Metals and Alloys, and Progressive Architecture — Pencil Points.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unfinished Business

THE FIRST PAGE of Ralph Ellison's two-page review of *Primer for White Folks* (the *New Republic*, October 22, 1945) seems a little high-powered to this reader, but the second page is as profound a passage of literary criticism as I have seen in the *New Republic*. In a single page he makes some essential observations about American writers and writing that one fails to find in most full-length critical books, which, whatever their other merits, lack an understanding of the withering influence of the race dilemma on so much American art and thinking. The influence is a hard one to see on many levels, because it is indirect: the dilemma actually has set up an American attitude of turning away from the difficult; and it is the attitude of turning away which hurts the artist and the thinker, often when he has grown up many leagues from an actual race problem.

His observations make clear to me, for instance, why I dislike Hemingway, despite the undoubted spell of his language and technique. I dislike him for his quality of turning away from the difficult, or his failure to master it, and for faking along under the force of his undoubted narrative power. But in that field of thought, doubt and real passion, a field which a writer like Dostoevsky almost never left, Hemingway has never grown beyond his stylized understatement, which can become as maudlin as an old-time Irish wake. It is unfair perhaps to single out Hemingway, but his failure, in this field at least, despite an impressive talent, makes him a typical example of what Ellison is talking about.

THE CHALLENGE OF RED CHINA

by Gunther Stein

For 12 years Asia correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor and Manchester Guardian

"The most up-to-date handbook, amazingly complete, of questions about the Chinese Reds, views held about them . . . and their expositions and interpretations of what they do and why."—Owen Lattimore, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

Illustrated with photographs and color map

At all bookstores • $3.50

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York 18

One can read a book like *Anna Karenina* and see Levin arguing the serf-problem with the other landowners precisely as it is argued today in the Mississippi Delta—in the same words and phrases. Tolstoy's conclusions about the serf problem in *Anna Karenina* were the wrong ones, as he discovered later. But the right conclusions are also in the book, spoken by inevitable characters. Wrong as he was, he turned away from nothing; and nothing less than the most exhaustive effort to cover this difficult ground satisfied him; for that was the discipline of his culture.

The same is true of Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. Practically every cliché that a liberal or a Southern racist, thinking himself original, has ever uttered about the problem is in these books and many others in the Russian and French literatures—and, I suppose, in many others. Zola's *Germinal*, in which not a Negro appears, tells more about the American race problem, and its withering influence, than you can find in all of Hemingway, Fitzgerald and a dozen other writers. But Hemingway's European excursions tell me almost nothing about America, and little of Europe that is really important. They are enjoyable reading, but so are many other things.

I know that the trend of modern literary criticism is to recognize and reiterate the failure of most of our recent writers to grasp the whole meaning of American life—and their tendency to turn away from it and pursue special philosophies of one sort or another. But I think our criticism on the whole has explained the deadening and repellent force of our life too much in terms and symbols of stock-market tickers and Rotary Clubs. Coolidge civilization was crass enough to turn away from, and the Hoover depression frightening enough; but the long, bitter and unsolved dilemma of the race problem made the turning away so natural and easy for our writers. It is in our intellectual tradition.

After facing and fighting the thing for fifty years, after fifty years when the struggle for a solution dominated American thought, and was one of the primary creative sources of Emerson's philosophy, Whitman's poetry, Lincoln's politics—after fifty tough years, and a tragic war, and an inconclusive, bungled peace—American thinking turned away. Fifty more years of intensive effort would probably have solved the problem by now. But we could not go on. I do not believe the explanation is purely economic—that Northern manufacturers needed a more stabilized Southern market and source of raw materials, etc. Beyond doubt this was an influence. But apparently even most of the daring and philosophical finally simply lost heart, and quit cold. Most of them began to run at the same time, as in a military rout. The list of Abolitionists who became racial know-nothings in old age is significant. In the field of political economy we see the same thing happening today, with former liberals, Socialists and Communists writing obscurantist rot in slick magazines. The problem, and the tragic obligation to solve it, then and now, are difficult; and apparently every man reaches his own quitting point.

Since 1880's—when we took the appalling unfinished business of race and sent it back to the church committees, to the Census Bureau and the planters—quitting in the face of the difficult has become increasingly our specialty and our stunt.

The unfinished business is now out of committee and before us again, and we white folks are just beginning to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CATHOLIC LOOKS *at the* WORLD

by FRANCIS E. McMAHON

Associate Professor, University of Chicago
Formerly of the faculty of the University of Notre Dame

In this vigorous and courageous book, a prominent Catholic layman presents a consistently progressive point of view on such subjects as world revolution, the failures of Christians and liberals, Christianity and democracy, and America in the emerging world.

"A remarkable book, shaped in the faith that democracy grew out of Christian doctrine."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

At all bookstores $2.75

THE VANGUARD PRESS
424 Madison Avenue • New York 17

Read THE Human Events PAMPHLET *for December*

THE ATOMIC BOMB VERSUS CIVILIZATION

by

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

Can We Save Our World from Destruction?
Read this Straightforward Answer!

Twenty cents a copy, six for one dollar, from

Human Events Inc.
608 South Dearborn Street
CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

The special classroom rate of the New Republic is only 25c a month

per student for orders of ten or more copies to be sent to one address. Desk copy is free.

Address order to the CIRCULATION MANAGER

THE NEW REPUBLIC
40 East 49th Street New York City

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS 1846

NEW SCRIBNER BOOKS
TO GIVE
TO READ • TO OWN

TERESA; OR HER DEMON LOVER

By AUSTIN K. GRAY

A brilliant and authoritative biography of Teresa, Countess Guiccioli, the last of Lord Byron's "ladies." "Deftly done, clever and highly entertaining."—*Orville Prescott, New York Times. Illustrated. Second printing.* $3.50

★

THE SHELLEY LEGEND

By ROBERT METCALF SMITH

In collaboration with Martha M. Schlegel, T. G. Ehrsam and L. A. Waters

A brilliant, provocative, and authoritative exposure of the mistaken efforts to turn the "romantic pagan" Shelley into a Victorian angel. An important contribution to Shelley biography. *Illustrated.* $5.00

★

THE FOREST OF THE SOUTH

By CAROLINE GORDON

Sixteen stories and a novella about the South and Southerners. "A very fine book . . solid, varied, delightful and original."—*Paul Engle, Chicago Tribune.* $2.50

★

FOR THEE THE BEST

By MARK ALDANOV

"A dryly humorous historical novel about the nationalistic Carborari movement in which Byron was associated. Byron steals every scene in which he appears, and is felt as a presence even when he is absent or after he is dead."—*Carlos Baker, New York Times.* $2.50

at your bookstore

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

A welcome gift in history and biography is "LEE'S LIEUTENANTS" by D. S. Freeman. Per volume, $5; Three Volumes, Boxed, $15.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

realize how tragic and urgent was this matter that our near forebears believed they could file away. It cannot be done. The fierce dilemma that might have been solved by now, by uninterrupted effort, has become probably even more difficult. Its tragedy has accrued like money in the bank. Northern industry and calculating fakes like Bilbo and Vardaman have been largely responsible. At any rate, there are whole areas of white Southerners today who are more backward, mystical and intransigent than they were in the 1890's when white and Negro sharecroppers at the ballot boxes swept the Populist movement to brief power.

We have got that second fifty years of effort to do now; and we do not have anything like fifty years in which to do it. Our present political difficulties are one harsh lesson on the uselessness of turning away; the way in which our literature, and many other phases of our culture, have suffered by this tradition of looking elsewhere and wasting ourselves upon unrealities, is another. THOMAS SANCTON

Avant-Garde Comedy

The Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer: An Amusement, by Kenneth Patchen. New York: New Directions. 242 pages. $3.

"NEW WRITING" makes for conservative criticism. Whenever a departure from the usual takes place, there is always an effort on the part of critics to restore the continuity of literature; the canon of criticism must be extended and saved. And so, no matter how sympathetic a critic may be, and even if his intention is merely to explain the new work before him on its own terms and reserve judgment, he is at once involved in the creation of an abstract standard of value and form to which, in time, the new work itself, and its imitations and successors, will be expected to conform. To explain is to conserve. Now despite the pejorative connotations of the word "conservative," I do not deplore this procedure, but consider it perfectly natural and wish that something of the kind had already been done for works of the neo-romantic, quasi-surrealist, egotistical genre of which Kenneth Patchen's prose is typical.

Thus far, all the criticism that Patchen's prose writing has received, whether favorable or not, has been, to my knowledge, of the impressionistic rather than the analytical variety. (Largely the same, I believe, may be said about Henry Miller, in spite of all the attention he has aroused). If one were to take Henry Miller's unreliable word for it, *The Journal of Albion Moonlight* stands alone "in all English literature. . . . The most naked figure of a man in all literature." Probably nothing so enthusiastic can be said, even by the most confirmed admirer, of *The Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer*, but like its predecessor it is bound to engage more of the emotion than the discrimination of its readers. Needless to say, Miller's enthusiasm for Patchen is of the "kick-in-the-pants-for-art" category. He fastens on that which is anti-cultural, anti-traditional, anti-intellectual, which subverts form and allows the writer to emerge as the permanent center and concern of all writing—"to hell with characters, look at me, I'm the big thing," etc.

The trouble with this is that it is absolutely no good for advancing advanced writing. The writer discovers himself, pen in hand, and asks, "Whatever can I be doing with this

An Intellectual Event!

A Grammar of Motives

By KENNETH BURKE

THIS is a landmark book, the first volume of a trilogy on human relations. Burke's approach to language is in terms of drama rather than scientific knowledge. Mark Van Doren says: "Here is semantics with a difference—i.e., with a justification. I think Burke must be on the way to building a substantial and delightful world."

Burke's book presents a theory of meaning which is the culmination of his long concern with the basic problems of communication.

$5.00 at all bookstores

Prentice Hall

70 FIFTH AVENUE
New York 11, N. Y

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

object?" Which, like all cultivated expressions of naïveté, is a complete falsification. Such writing is in a culture, in a tradition, marked by a preoccupation with a definite class of subjects and objects, written in a typical style, with typical attitudes and gestures, and is really no freer from social assumptions and values than the work of any other school. It is one of the worst habits of avant-garde writers to pretend a disdain for literature, and of the critics who are concerned with them (I am thinking of George Orwell's and Herbert Read's essays on Henry Miller) to substitute exposition and political admiration for concrete analytical evaluation of literature as such.

A representative chunk of Patchen will contain references to immortality, God and death of the gods (à la Nietzsche), capitalism, anarchism and pacifism, sex, murder and blood-guilt, and any number of generally unacknowledged leanings toward and derivations from psychoanalysis. All things conspire to facilitate the outward projection of the ego. Guilt is vague and huge, meant rather to fill space than time, that is, to constitute an hypostatized object rather than lead to the analysis of personality. Accordingly, Patchen's terrors are always on tap. Though he appears to draw upon the subconscious as the source of his images and obsessions, he actually uses it as a storehouse for artificial props, constructed, I dare say, quite consciously. His purpose is to provide a setting for himself, a backdrop which will be mistaken for the action. He sets out to play all the roles that he knows to lie beforehand in the unconscious, and thus when he presents himself as murderer, god-slayer, guilt-seeker or penitent, the effect, on me at any rate, is one of self-deception rather than self-knowledge. Experience will never support so ambitious a claim to vast acquaintance with the nether world; for no traveler returns from it, at least not unscathed.

These remarks will appear to be more à propos of *The Journal of Albion Moonlight* than of *The Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer*, for the latter is a more "conscious" narrative. But the same setting and devices of self-projection, are to be found in *The Memoirs*, placing it in the same tradition. The shy pornographer is one Albert Budd, born in Bivalve, New Jersey, a naïf who does not understand the nature of his own book, or why it should be such a great success, especially among the women who mob him and rape him at the cocktail parties. He is in love with Priscilla, a crippled girl who lives in the country, and he is convinced that he can make her walk again. She agrees to marry him if he succeeds, but dies before their wedding day and before you have a chance to decide whether the green deer, the agent of her recovery conjured up by Budd's faith, and the other magical appurtenances in which the book abounds, have actually succeeded in putting her on her feet. Budd, overcome, uses the injection that a friend of his, the inventor, Donald Wan, had given him before his death. He turns into an angel and goes to heaven, where he meets Priscilla and the child they were going to have, and they all live happily forever after.

It is often said that toughness, an excessive violence, is an inverted form of sentimentality. *The Shy Pornographer* seems to support this proposition, for here the violence of *Albion Moonlight* is gone and in its place we find a mushiness which is the more direct expression of the same thing. Another source of its sentimentality may be found in its per-

Presenting . . .

VAN NOSTRAND BOOKS

of Timely Importance and Permanent Value

Here's the book you've been waiting for:

ATOMIC ARTILLERY and the ATOMIC BOMB

by J. K. ROBERTSON, F.R.S.C.

This basic book on atomic energy was written expressly for the layman. The author, a distinguished physicist, heads the Physics Department of Queens University (Kingston, Ont.); is president of the Royal Society of Canada. He not only describes the miracle of Oak Ridge—the atomic bomb itself—but he also traces the fascinating story of atomic research, the hunt for the innermost secrets of matter.

You'll find ATOMIC ARTILLERY AND THE ATOMIC BOMB fascinating and authoritative—a necessity for the modern reader who wants to understand the world he is going to live in. $2.50

HUMAN NATURE IN THE MAKING

by Dr. MAX SCHOEN

That quality called "human nature" baffles some people, amuses others. But those who want to *understand* it, who want to know what makes their fellow men tick, will be delighted with HUMAN NATURE IN THE MAKING.

Written in a crisp, informal style, with examples drawn from everyday experience, this is a truly human book about the kind of people you meet everyday—and the factors that make them think and act as they do. Authoritative, enjoyable, and highly rewarding. $3.25

WHAT IS FARMING?

By Gustav E. Larson and Walter Magnes Teller. An important guide for those who want to succeed on the land. Helpful, informative, easy to read, this is the first of the Van Nostrand Farm Handbook Series. $2.95

CLOUDS, WEATHER and FLIGHT

By Thomas Gillmer and H. Erich Neitsch. Practical forecasting made easy and fascinating. Written in a simple, direct style, it contains valuable information for both layman and flyer. Handsomely bound and illustrated. $3.75

THE PEOPLES OF MALAYSIA

By Dr. Fay-Cooper Cole. "A scholarly account of Malaysia's natives. The book is timely . . . valuable to students as well as interesting to the general public."—*The New York Sun.* $4.00

THE BOOK OF BIRD LIFE

By Arthur A. Allen. A distinctive story of bird life in America, completely different from the usual catalog of museum specimens. A fascinating and invaluable guide for bird lovers and amateur naturalists. $3.75

At all Bookstores

D. VAN NOSTRAND COMPANY, INC.

250 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonality type (to personify a book), which is distinctly Oedipal. The crippled Priscilla is the tabooed mother, her love a heaven of unattainable bliss. The nightmarish obstacles that come between Budd and Priscilla, preventing their union, represent the son's fear of punishment and his guilt—the book is full of castration symbols—all of which is further borne out by Budd's occupation, for as a shy, unsuspecting pornographer he is in the typical Oedipus position of entertaining forbidden desires toward the object of his love. Therefore such love as he is able to express is sexless and over-idealized, presented in religious guise or simply left to stand in the sentimentality of its deflected impulse.

But there is a good deal of excellent comedy in Patchen's book and it certainly succeeds as an amusement. Some of the fun is of a fairly common sort—punning, the acting out of gags, sexual exaggerations—but the best passages owe their humor to a surrealist technique; and surrealism, if it has done nothing else, has put new resources at the disposal of comedy. It so happens that we are all more faithful to reason than the current vogue of irrationalism will let us admit; surrealism owes its appeal to the hold that reason still has on us, for whatever serious symbolic meaning surreal transformations and incongruities are supposed to have, the effect of a sudden frustration of a logical pattern is to make us laugh.

The fact that the tradition in which Patchen writes depends to such a large extent on surrealist maneuvers deprives it of a good deal of the power and wisdom it claims for itself. It has staked all on a sleight-of-hand, a trick of symbolism that actually throws out the deeper human context that it is supposed to provide for literature. Patchen's politics, for example, a kind of anarcho-pacifism, uncompromisingly opposed to capitalism and war, is the nearest thing to an escape from politics that can be contrived in political language. Of this whole school of writing it may be said that it will succeed most among people who do not believe in it. Skeptics will be tolerantly amused by its show of fireworks, but the prophets of this new revelation will be left with nothing but their huge egotism gone sadly to waste.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

Other Contributors to This Issue

Conrad Aiken's most recent poem, *The Soldier*, was published by New Directions last year, and he has recently edited an anthology, *Twentieth Century American Poetry*, published by the Modern Library.

Alistair Cooke is a special correspondent on American affairs to the British Broadcasting Company and to the Manchester *Guardian*. His book, *A Portrait of America*, will be published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce in February.

Theodore Spencer is an associate professor of English at Harvard. His most recent book of verse is *An Act of Life*, published by the Harvard University Press.

Paul Weiss, chairman of the department of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr, is a visiting professor at Yale this semester. His *Nature and Man* is to be published in the spring by Henry Holt and Company.

F. O. Matthiessen is a professor of History and Literature at Harvard and is the author, among other books, of *American Renaissance* and *Henry James: The Major Phase*.

USA—USSR

'Welding the Peace'

—through friendly aid for reconstruction

Tuesday, December 18, 7:30 P.M.

Madison Sq. Garden

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

conducting Symphony Orchestra—Westminster Choir—Jennie Tourel in ALEXANDER NEVSKY CANTATA by Sergei Prokofieff

DEAN VIRGINIA GILDERSLEEVE

WILLIAM L. BATT

and other notable speakers

FREDRIC MARCH — Dramatic Narrator

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR

RUSSIAN RELIEF, INC.

TICKETS: $.85, $1.20, $1.80, $2.40, $3.60

ON SALE: New York Office, Russian Relief, 5 Cedar St. (WH-3-2460)
Russian Relief Workroom, 35 West 35th Street
Local Russian Relief Headquarters

POSITION WANTED

POSITION DESIRED in Boston with liberal organization, labor union, research group, or charitable institution by college graduate specializing in economics and labor problems, and with background of governmental service. Salary secondary consideration. Address Box 667, The New Republic.

MEETING PLACE WANTED

MEETING PLACE WANTED—centrally located New York City; 1 evening week, group of ten young people. Address: Box 666, The New Republic.

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS

SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINES and newspapers, any number in one order; only one bill to pay, in installments if desired, after I enter subscriptions at publishers' lowest prices, club rates, etc. Institutional accounts expedited. Catalog NR, free. JOHN CREHORE, Postbox 2629-B, Washington 13, D. C.

BOOKLET

STAGEFRIGHT, its cause and cure. Booklet $1.00. Goodhue Studio, 56 Fayerweather St., Cambridge, Mass

SCULPTURE

WOOD SCULPTURE by NICHOLAS MOCHARNIUK, Studio, 318 Canal St., New York City. By appointment

FOR SALE

CIGARETTES—all popular brands, orders shipped same day received; minimum order 3 cartons; New England, Penn., New York and Ohio—$1.30 per carton, plus 5¢ per carton for postage. All other states $1.30 per carton, plus 9¢ per carton for postage. Perfect delivery guaranteed. Send check or money order to Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange B, N. J.

LANGUAGES

29 LANGUAGES by Linguaphone, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese—Direct conversational method of mastering any language quickly, easily, correctly at home. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 86 RCA Bldg. New York CI 7-0830

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

SCIENTIFIC HANDWRITING ANALYSIS
Alfred Kanfer, 62 Leroy St., N. Y. C. Tel. WA 5-0956
Recognized by hospitals, doctors, psychologists, schools; employed by firms and industries. Lessons. By appointment only. Marital, education vocational, psychological problems. Fee $3 00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED